

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 790—Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## BENEFIT OF THE EUROPEAN STRIFE TO AMERICANS.

A NECESSARY effect of the present European war is to benefit the mechanic, the artisan, and the artists of this country. All the productive classes of the United States have labored against a competition of "cheap labor." The mechanic here considers himself to be a gentleman—no matter how others rank him—and he evinces this just self-appreciation by a garb that will admit him anywhere. The laborer of a similar grade in Europe has few

of his desires; or, having them, makes no such demonstration—mainly, perhaps, because out of his reach. He works for his daily bread alone, but the American artisan works not only for life, but for respectability. Thus, the American has always had the small wages—the mere sustenance wages—of Europe against him, and European products have consequently almost monopolized our markets.

Now the war has taken all the men of two great nations, that have hitherto done our work, away from the foundries and looms and workshops, and have left us to shift for our-

selves. The effect is already seen in shops, where the ladies will tell you that gloves have advanced to three dollars per pair, and silks of every description from one dollar and upward per yard, and other foreign goods in proportion.

If we look at the past, we can predict the future. Some ten or more years ago the drinking-saloons charged six cents for a glass of brandy, and this was the ordinary drink at these places; but a short wine crop, proceeding from some disease of the vines, resulted in a general advance of prices to ten cents per

glass. The result was, that there was a universal substitute of whisky for brandy at the old price, and as a secondary consequence, an advance at wholesale of American whiskies from fifty cents to one dollar per gallon—a profit which inured to the American manufacturer, and thereby to the extent of millions enriching the country.

We see the same thing going on to-day in "dry-goods." French and German cloths cannot be obtained; the present supply will soon be exhausted; our dandies and leaders of fashion and well-dressed gentlemen will be



SWEARING IN OF U. S. DEPUTY MARSHALS AND SUPERVISORS OF REGISTRY AND ELECTION, BY COMMISSIONER DAVENPORT, IN THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT, CHAMBERS STREET, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1870.—See PAGE 151.



compelled to buy native productions; and the result of this will be, in the first place, to disarm the prejudices of the consumer, who will be forced to examine the home productions, and by necessity compelled to institute comparisons—which our cloths will well sustain; secondly, the American weavers will, finding a market for their goods, be encouraged to perfect their works, to use better material, and employ more highly skilled workmen, thereby turning out articles superior to anything previously produced; and thirdly, the final result will be that fine goods will thereby be produced here, duly recognized and appreciated by the consumers, and at such reduced prices that when the European imbroglions are settled, and the deteriorated workmen have returned to their unaccustomed toil, with hands that, in taking up the musket, had lost no little of their cunning, they will find the demand supplied and a before unknown competition.

These results are, in some small degree, already foreshadowed. Factories are building up everywhere around us. Stewart finds a daily increasing demand for American silks; tailors find American cloths competing strongly with the foreign market, and home-made silks actually superior to those made abroad and for so long considered to be unapproachable. Newark ciders are already taking the place of poor champagnes, and California and Ohio sparkling wines will rival the exhilarations of the Widow Clicquot and Heidsieck.

Years must roll away before the looms, and more especially the vineyards of France, and the deft hand of the skilled workmen, shall give forth the finished results of past days. Thousands of the best workmen, dissatisfied with a government that can summarily call all into its service at the whim of a usurper, will have left for this land of comparative peace and order, where toil is honorable, and where it is adequately rewarded, and its equality with other pursuits recognized by the laws and customs and feelings of society.

Thus the ambition of foreign potentates results in developing the resources of the country, increasing the cunning of the mechanic, and elevating the social status of the individual man.

FRANK LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1870.

## THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE traveler returning from Europe is at once assailed with questions about the war, but before he can give an answer to any one of them, he is told that American sympathy, at one time, ran almost wholly in behalf of Germany, but that lately it had changed its direction in favor of France. The explanation of the change, he will also be told, is to be found, first, in a renewal of the natural or traditional sympathy with France, arising out of the support which she gave us in our Revolutionary war, and which the hostility to the United States evinced by the late Emperor had done much to extinguish, but mainly because France has now become "a sister Republic."

Conceding that there has been such a general change in the current of American sympathy as is alleged, but which is by no means clear or certain, let us ask if the reasons therefor are either real or adequate.

In the first place, the intervention of France in our behalf against England was not in the slightest degree influenced by sympathy, admiration, or friendship. It was extended for no noble motive, but simply in gratification of hostility to Great Britain. Our independence would, it was thought, weaken her power and humiliate her pride. The attentions to Franklin, which sadly turned the Philadelphia printer's head, and the dispatch of Rochambeau to our shores, were not ever so remotely dictated by regard for the struggling colonies. And as for Lafayette and the other sentimentalists—who contributed as much to our success as the celebrated fly on the coach-wheel toward raising the dust of the village—whatever claim they may have had on our regard or reverence has been amply repaid by the celebrity we have given to their names; but their individual acts do not require us, after the lapse of a century, to hug the whole French nation to our bosoms as friends and brothers. The simple truth is, that the people of France are profoundly ignorant and profoundly selfish. They would have supported the Emperor in interfering against us, in our civil war, with rather more alacrity than they would have done if interference had been undertaken in our behalf. They were not particularly enthusiastic over the Napoleonic idea of a great Latin counterpoise to the United States in Mexico, not, however, because it was an avowed scheme of hostility to us, but because it cost heavily, and was not

likely to be a source of gain, except to the lucky drawers in the lottery loan. We fall, therefore, to see what direct claim France has either on our sympathy or support, in virtue of past events, or for sympathy or support extended to us at any time whatever.

But "The Republic!" Shall not the "Model Republic" extend its hand to the Republic of France?

To this we answer, there is no French Republic. There is a beaten and distracted country called France, composed of hostile factions, Imperialists, Legitimists, Orleanists, Constitutional Monarchists, Conservative Republicans, Red Republicans, Socialists, and Proletarians, each hating the other more than any common enemy, and each ready to cut the other's throat! A few doctrinaires have a hazy idea of a Republic, an impracticable Utopia, but it is one in which they shall be oracles and hold the rule. So far as the notion of a Republic has penetrated among the densely ignorant French masses, it consists in every man doing what he pleases without permitting his neighbor to do the same.

There was once a "Hungarian Republic," which the United States recognized with the almost indecent haste that it has practiced in the case of Favre, Gambetta & Co.—the little clan of usurpers that Bismarck has so aptly characterized as "the gentlemen of the pavement." The representative of that Republic, its very impersonation, came over to this country, and ventilated, practically, his idea of Republicanism and its supposed simplicities, by having men "bearded like the pard," and dressed in harlequin costume, parading, with shouldered muskets, in front of his rooms in the perilous halls of the Astor House!

In France, as in Spain and Italy, Liberty means License. In each and all, adverse discussion is met by the shout of "Kill him!" Instead of the cry, "Turn him out!"

The French Republic! The Republic of France! These names sound well. They look well in print. But they are not realities.

France, to-day, is neither a republic nor a nation. It is a punctured wind-bag. Its leaders, so far as it can be said to have any, are impostors, only a little less flagrant than the Imperial debauchees and sensualists they have displaced. They are as incapable of telling the truth as were the sycophants of the Regency. *Prima facie* every statement they put forth is a lie. Without coherence, true public spirit, or great national leaders, the French are a "howling mass," vehemently beating gongs and sounding brazen trumpets!

Is this to last? Is this to be the net result of "glorie" and "all the civilizations" as embodied in France and centred in Paris? We hope not. The world wants its cookshop. Its supply of dancing-girls. Its fripperies generally. How if France should become thoughtful and earnest, instead of remaining blatant and preposterous?

Paris is awaiting the provinces to raise the siege and expel the "Teuton savages"—the meanest one of whom is the peer of the most conspicuous of French leaders. "The army of the Loire" is to accomplish this. But the army of the Loire scarcely exists on paper—an incoherent mob, foraging around La Mans! Garibaldi, in his dotage, comes to wage war against those who have made his dream of life possible, and in behalf of those who extinguished his Republic in Rome. Imbecile old man! "Played-out" old Free-lance! And finds himself snubbed, condemned, and generally made naught of by those whom he thought to serve!

Paris will hold out a month perhaps—not more. Orleans and Dijon have already been occupied. The fraction of the "gentlemen of the pavement" who proclaim from Tours have already got their valises packed for flight. Amlens, Lyons, Marseilles, will soon succumb. The foot of the invader will speedily tread every portion of French soil. And all this might have been spared, if impotent France had recognized "the inexorable logic of events," and after having appealed to the sword, submitted to its arbitration.

"Why do they not make peace?" Simply because it cannot be made except at great material sacrifice, and at the absolute loss of national prestige. The bully of Europe insists on retaining the champion's belt, when he is no longer champion. Besides, there is no man or set of men in France that dares—not even a Constituent Assembly would dare, to make peace. Not that such would not be their duty, but because of the blind rage of an ignorant populace. Whoever make peace will be sacrificed to unreasoning popular fury the instant the spiked helmets disappear. The race of Curtius has died out. M. Jules Favre and his associates do not like to contemplate the picture of their heads tossed from pike to pike through the streets of Paris—as they would speedily be in case they acceded to their better judgment and to real public exigencies.

Will the Emperor return? Will Germany reinstate, or endeavor to reinstate him on the throne of France? Whatever animosity Germany may have to the late Emperor or to

France, she is incapable of inflicting such an outrage on either. It would be unworthy of her to light the train leading to an infernal magazine of civil war before leaving the soil of humiliated France. The name of Napoleon the Third is as thoroughly coupled with the demoralization and dishonor of France as is that of Napoleon the First with its glories. Neither he nor his can rule again—not even with the support of foreign bayonets. The Empress, it is said, abandoning all hope for herself, trusts that Fortune may favor her sickly child, and the Napoleons may secure a dynastic existence. When the First Napoleon fell, it was after contending against a world in arms and conquering it. Even his reverses were coupled with deeds vindicating the greatness and resources of France. With his name, too, were coupled administrative reforms of imposing magnitude. It was the shadow of his name and the ghost of his intellect that betrayed the people of France into the vast blunder of the Second Empire. But now, if we are to credit those who attribute to Count Bismarck the purpose of setting up again the child of calamity and political impotence, the representative of corruption and weakness, the heir of an epoch of indignity and disaster—the one of all others who would at once remind France of an ignoble past, and give her the promise of a yet more ignoble future—it would be an insult which hardly even a conqueror, without a heart of steel, could bear to sanction. What could cow and crush France like a parting gift of a prince who should represent to the eyes of the nation the double shame of that personal government which, while it was strong enough to extinguish the liberties of France, was far too weak to stand for a moment in the face of a national foe? Imbecile before the enemy, but with an iron heel for the French people, the Second Empire struck at the root of all French self-respect; and yet it is upon a plan to collect the scattered fragments of that Empire, and present them to the people as a government as worthy of their allegiance as any which still remains to France, that Count Bismarck's smile of cynical favor is said to have been cast.

We do not credit, or rather discredit him with any such purpose. He may possibly think that the child of a beaten father is good enough for a beaten nation; the nursing of a colossal system of corruption is good enough in his eyes for a corrupt nation; the bewildered and terrified infant who has looked on helplessly at his country's subjugation is good enough in his eyes for a bewildered and terrified nation.

There may be a dramatic satisfaction in the thought of leaving poor little Louis, after his real "baptism of fire," to rule the nation which the Germans had ground to powder. To leave France famished, ruined, helpless, shorn of territory, may appear "not near enough yet." But to leave it with a nominal prince representing all its weakness and all its shame, owing his throne to the favor of the conqueror—that would, indeed, be a feast of retribution more than satisfying even to the scornful imagination of the statesman who had built up the solid unity of Germany, and trampled France like dust beneath his feet.

France will, however, be spared this indignity, whatever may be the humiliations that may follow as a further hopeless and fruitless resistance. No Bonaparte, supposititious or otherwise, can ever again rule in France. Nor yet a Bourbon of any shade of blood. Let us hope for a Republic, even against prevalent ignorance, bigotry, localism, and faction. Anarchy looms darkly in the future, but out of it may come peace and rational order. That France may become free, great and prosperous is an universal aspiration on this side the Atlantic.

## NATIONAL RESOURCES AND NATIONAL CREDIT.

THE preservation of our national existence was so intimately connected with the management of our financial affairs, that it is impossible for an intelligent mind to think of our successful struggle without special reference to the Treasury in connection with the movements of our army and navy during the trying ordeal—from commencement to conclusion—from the attack on Sumter down to the surrender at Appomattox.

Without forces enough to form a respectable skeleton in either branch of the armed service—our few ships having been scattered by Secretary Tousey over remote seas, and our little regular army being mostly absorbed by the Anti-Mormon Expedition, and afterward traitorously surrendered by General Twiggs to the Texas rebels—the deplorable picture of helplessness was completed by the bankruptcy of the National Treasury to such a degree, under Secretary Cobb, that the country was mortified by the failure to raise a loan of only ten millions of dollars just before the rebellion broke out.

There are matters wherein "by-gones" may be allowed to pass as by-gones; but thoughts of these things, and about the sort of men then prominent in military, naval and financial ser-

vice, are salutary in enabling us properly to estimate the efforts requisite for defending the National Life against the conspirators who were paralyzing its energies and preying on its vitals before openly attacking it in the field.

The spirit and energies of the loyal masses were quickly and effectively aroused when it became clearly evident that national existence was imperiled. The thunder of the rebel cannon against Fort Sumter had an electric influence in reaching the hearts and pockets of a patriotic people. While volunteers by hundreds of thousands were rallying under the Old Flag, the purse-strings of the community were loosened with unparalleled promptness, and nearly three thousand millions of dollars were freely loaned as fast as wanted by a loyal Administration for defending our National Unity.

The overthrow of the Rebellion and Slavery was followed by outcries from rebels and their sympathizers concerning the alleged incapacity of the National Government to sustain itself under the heavy debt contracted for defending itself in the field. It was asserted that the enormity of that debt would occasion repudiation, or possibly destroy the Government that was temporarily preserved through its creation. But here again the hopes and predictions of disloyalty met with signal defeat. The taxation wisely favored by the people proved, and is proving, sufficient to meet all pecuniary demands connected with the great emergency as rapidly as those demands were or are payable.

Fidelity in collecting taxes, and economy in government since Andy Johnsonism passed away, show that the whole debt can be paid within fifteen years, even under the present reduced rate of taxation, and at the present rate of interest. But in reference to the latter point, particularly, the prospect is brightened by the probability that the remainder of the debt, or a large part thereof, can be funded at a much lower rate, owing to the improved credit of the Government—so that the annual saving of interest—probably about twenty-six millions—will help essentially in quickening the extinction of the debt.

The efficacy of fidelity and economy in these matters was placed in clear light by recent tabular statements in the *Tribune*, showing substantially, divested of partisan allusions, that:

"While the receipts in eighteen months under the present Administration have increased \$87,213,765.60 over those of a corresponding period of Johnsonian misrule, the expenditures have decreased \$83,853,060.77, thus saving to the country \$170,066,826.37. Here is the positive proof of present economy. It has cost less under President Grant to collect, under a reduced tariff, \$294,725,139.21 of the customs than it did under President Johnson to collect \$251,973,708.19; while more than a million dollars represents the decrease in the cost of collecting, under Grant, \$53,263,919.15 more of Internal Revenue than under Johnson. Here is the proof positive of Honesty. The Johnson Administration reduced the public debt, during the last eighteen months of its existence, \$1,383,460.67; the present Administration, during a like period, reduced it \$169,542,109.60. Here is the assurance of financial Wisdom. Economy, Honesty, Wisdom, and Peace! Verily, the country has reasons to be thankful for this direction!"

Viewing these matters as patriotic Americans generally must view them, irrespective of all partisan feelings or distinctions, we may quote, as a specimen of the current sentiment among intelligent witnesses, a statement from an authority not remarkable for undue partiality to the present Administration—the *New York Herald*—elicited by the financial reports of June and July, the force of which statement is not diminished by the fact that since then, owing to the lowered rate of taxation, the reduction of the public debt for August and September was consequently less, though not less than the "eight or nine millions" which the *Herald* thought a fair average showing.

"Mr. Boutwell's debt statement for July," said the *Herald*, "makes out a reduction of something over seventeen millions in the national debt for that period. The Secretary is going on better and better all the time. Eight or nine millions surplus a month to be applied to the liquidation of the debt was a considerable sum; ten millions was better still; but seventeen millions, which is at the rate of a hundred and eighty millions a year, is glorious, and shows that the debt is a bagatelle to this rich and prosperous country. The reduction in June was over twenty millions, which makes within two months (June and July) over thirty-five millions. Of course, we cannot expect the debt to be liquidated so rapidly hereafter, when the laws of Congress reducing taxation come into operation; but we have no doubt there will be still a large surplus to be applied to the payment of the debt. The United States can pay the whole off in fifteen years. Never before in the history of nations did any country show such resources and wealth. There ought to be no difficulty in funding the debt at a lower rate of interest, and there is no reason why the credit of the republic should not stand highest in the markets of the world."

Great as is the credit reflected on our country and its free institutions by the power and success with which our nation preserved itself in battle against the unparalleled efforts for destroying it, it is not saying too much to assert that the financial movements connected with the awful strife—the enormous loans raised, and now being faithfully repaid—are



worthy of admiration as examples of patriotic integrity, furnishing useful lessons for nations struggling with difficulties in all future ages.

EXISTING Natural History Societies may be divided into two classes—those which have a definite scientific position, and aim especially at working out the flora and fauna of their country or district; and those which have for their object the popularizing of the various branches of Natural Science, always with due regard to scientific exactness. The first consist chiefly of professed naturalists; the second of intelligent persons who have some desire to gain a little insight into the wonders with which they are surrounded. Some societies combine the two; and these are, perhaps, the most useful of the three classes. Although taking a somewhat lower tone, our second class is to the full as important as the more advanced one; and if by its means our fellow-countrymen obtain even a slight knowledge of some branch of Natural History, something will have been done to diminish in some measure the mass of ignorance which still prevails among educated people. Apropos of this, we may mention that the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, which holds its meetings every Monday evening in the Mott Memorial Building, in Madison Avenue, more nearly fills the great desideratum we have mentioned than any other metropolitan institution.

THE students of the Academic College, of Yale, take, on graduating, the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and those of the Scientific College that of Bachelor of Philosophy. The students of the post-graduate courses, after two years of study, in which high scholarship is attained as tested by a rigid examination, take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; except in the case of students in Civil Engineering, who may receive that of Civil Engineer after one year of study. Yale College contemplates no important change in the Classical or Academic course, except in the elevation of the department of modern languages and literature; and its ideal with regard to modern languages cannot be wholly realized until a knowledge of French and German is given (like that of Latin and Greek) in preparatory schools, and required for admission to the college.

We learn that the building for the New York Industrial Exhibition will be commenced on the 15th of December. Twenty-three acres have been purchased between 98th and 102d streets, the purchase money amounting to \$2,658,000. It is intended to make this one of the finest, or perhaps we should rather say the finest permanent institution of the kind in the world. The building will probably cost not less than \$8,000,000. The importance of such an enterprise can hardly be over-estimated. The benefits that have been conferred by the Central Park in opening up a place of resort uncontaminated by beer saloons and other demoralizing agencies have been very great, and the present effort to extend facilities for instructive pleasure and innocent amusement deserves well of all who desire the good of the city.

BALLOONING, which next to bicycle-riding has hitherto seemed the most useless of amusements, has suddenly been utilized, and has enabled Paris to send news and men to the external world. A great manufactory of balloons is now at work in the dancing-hall of the Rue Montmartre, and materials cannot fail, for Nadar requires only umbrellas, which must exist in millions. A great many have got out of Paris, but only one thus far has returned.

THE new married women's property law in England has gone into effect. A woman's earnings are hereafter her own; a policy of insurance is her own; she may sue and be sued separately; a husband is not liable for his wife's ante-marriage debts. These obvious deficiencies in English jurisprudence have been long met by the laws in New York and by the Code Napoleon.

## WATER ON THE BRAIN.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

HYDROCEPHALUS is the learned name for a disease affecting children from one to five or six years of age, and one, too, which to the fond and doting parents seems to be an affliction carrying with it more than usual hardship.

The gardener, engaged in his husbandry, notices a ruddy apple upon some tree, which he regards with special interest. Day by day he watches its growth and notices how much more vigorous it seems, surpassing its fellows in size, and then, long before any of its neighbors have shown an evidence of approaching ripeness, this one commences to evince a change in its hue, and soon a bright ruddy streak on the side upon which the sun lies shows that it is coming to a speedy maturity. It hangs high upon the bough, and the husbandman cannot give it the careful examination that

he would desire; but he is not altogether satisfied with this precocity; it is too far ahead of its fellows, and he says to himself, "That one will never come to the barrel." But for a while it glistens in the sunshine, and the passing school-boy looks wistfully at it, and some day when he is unobserved he shies a venturesome stone toward it. He does not hit very near, but the slight jar upon the bough is sufficient to separate it from the twig, and it falls and bursts open at his feet, and reveals under that fair skin and that gorgeous hue naught but rotteness and decay.

That prematurely brilliant child, with the hectic flush on his cheek, his lustrous eye and precocious intellect, is but a wormy apple. The delighted parent will in after years dilate upon those budding charms and the glorious prospects before him. "Ah! had Georgy but lived, he would have made a wonderful man, for when but a few months old he could do this and that, and at two years he was a prodigy." And the sympathizing listener will swell the psalm by the oft-repeated statement, that "the smartest children generally die."

It is a pity to destroy this fond delusion, but the truth is that this is but seeming. The dying candle flashes up with a startling brilliancy; the child, stimulated by disease, appears to be unusually intelligent. The heated blood which rushes so vigorously through the distended temples carries a poison on its current, still it dashes along and rapidly turns the wheels of life; but its apparent strength is but debility, and its brilliancy but the phosphorescence of decay.

Water on the brain is a disease of a scrofulous nature, like *lues mesenterica* in very young children, hip complaints, rickets, and white swellings in those older, and consumption and Bright's disease in the advanced. It is a tuberculous manifestation upon the membranes of the brain, and often with it are like tuberculous manifestations on various other organs of the body. It is very generally supposed to be the result of a fall or blow upon the head; and as children are always tumbling more or less, it is not difficult for parents or friends to look back to some such accident from whence to date the origin of the disease.

Very likely the slight or severe (as may be) injury which was then sustained was the exciting cause of the disease, and the reason of its location in that tissue; otherwise the disease might have been delayed, and perhaps have been warded off and kept at bay for quite a period. But the seeds of disease are in the system, possibly inherited from a far-removed ancestry, but more probably the result of some irregularity in the immediate parents—the hereditary influence of excess in drinking, tobacco, venery, or the temporary debility of some disease which vitiated the elements of life, inspired into its being at its earliest inception.

But whatever may have been the remote cause, the proximate one has been some slight illness, which would have been of little moment to a healthy organization; and the slight derangement consequent upon its presence is sufficient to change a dormant malady to an active disease.

The child commences to complain of pain in its head—possibly is somewhat stupid; then a convulsion ensues, and perhaps several in immediate succession. Then comes on a series of changeable phenomena, which are, for a time, palliated. The disease soon proceeds to a rapid termination, with acute inflammatory symptoms, very much resembling brain-fever in its main elements, and which is sufficiently puzzling to an ordinary physician not acquainted with the family and the general constitution of both them and the immediate patient.

The acute forms are quite frequently remedied by judicious treatment, where careful watching and a temperate use of appropriate remedies are most apt to be beneficial, and where heroic treatment by the old-fashioned blisters and leeches and large doses of mercurials are apt to fail very generally. Great benefit is often obtained in these acute cases, where delirium and other symptoms of inflammation of the brain are present, by minute doses of the corrosive sublimate of mercury conjoined with fuller doses of the hydriodate of potassa. This treatment, however, should be under the immediate care of an acute physician, and one not too wedded to old-fashioned notions. A little of the progressive modern *festinante tent* will be found especially serviceable.

If recovery from this acute stage is obtained, this happy and not to be too confidently predicted result should be kept up by a general tonic regimen; by change of air, and plenty of it; nutritious food; avoidance of all intellectual exercise—giving up school for several years, perhaps—and the whole efforts devoted to invigorating the health and renewing the stamina by life in the open air and generous living.

Unfortunately sometimes these children do neither get well or die, but relapse into a chronic condition, almost devoid of intelligence—sometimes with occasional convulsions, sometimes recognizing persons, but incapable of acquiring any knowledge more than nor so much as a dog; in fact, they are idiotic. They grow somewhat in stature, but not to full size; but the head increases immensely, often to be three or four times the size of an adult cranium—too ponderous to be held upright even for a moment on its little pipe-stem of a neck, and consequently the person is constantly compelled to recline with the head on a pillow. The distortion of the head, from the separation of its constituent bones; the divergent eyes, squinting and sightless from the weight of the water which fills the head, and presses on the brain so as to destroy sense and almost life—all these render the patient an object of disgust, especially where there is not sufficient money in the family to enable one to be sufficiently cared for. Death is a boon, and it comes often not for many years. I have lately seen a girl of some twenty years of age, and several of six to ten years.

I had the photographs of one girl taken some years ago, whose head was the largest on record. It was some twenty-four inches over the cranium from one ear to the other.

Many attempts have been made to remedy this distressing state of things. By tapping, the effused fluids have been removed; but they have either filled up again, or fatal inflammation has ensued. Medicines have been unavailing in the attempts to absorb them. The system generally is weak, and exhausted nature yields after rarely continuing a struggle more than a few years.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### The Porte Blanche, Strasbourg.

Through this gate, as may be seen in the engraving, upon the capitulation of Strasbourg on the morning of Wednesday, the 28th of September, the Thirtieth Regiment of the Line of the Prussian Infantry entered, and formally took possession of the town, the French garrison, composed of seventeen thousand men of all arms, having previously, with their arms, marched to where the Germans were drawn up in line. Headed by General Ulrich and his staff, the French were received with some ceremony. The prisoners then laid down their arms. They were subsequently marched to Berlin. On entering the gate, which had previously been placed in guard of German soldiers, the Prussians had their flags flying and drums beaten; but beyond this, everything was conducted in a quiet, matter-of-fact way.

### Battery Number Thirty.

At the village of Schlitzheim was placed, until the capitulation of Strasbourg, battery No. 30. Of this battery a writer in the *Illustrated London News* remarks: The point of view here is from the entrance to the first parallel, which is seen crossing the picture. The battery is placed at the end of a garden belonging to a house in the village of Schlitzheim. From this point the houses of Strasbourg can be clearly made out, and the dilapidations resulting from the siege are quite visible. The condition of the bastions, instead of the usual green turf which time gives to earthworks, are now heaps of brown earth, and the straight lines of their original construction have become unmeaningly irregular. Broken walls and roofless houses are behind. In the battery itself were found some arrangements for comfort not to be expected; but the close vicinity of the village accounted for them. A plentiful supply of wood had provided the good solid platforms for the guns; but the wooden epaulements between each gun, giving house accommodation to the officers and men, was a luxury not common in trenches. Garden-seats beside the guns for the men to sit upon, and small gardens at the end of these epaulements, with flowers and a border of cannon-balls, gave to this battery almost the aspect of a summer residence, in spite of the grim realities of war. They had a large map or plan of Strasbourg, with all the outworks and trenches, and they explained to him where the attack was directed. At every turn, he found a perfect system of military organization. Each battery exhibited a board, showing the number, size, and carrying power of its guns. Finger-posts were everywhere put up, to direct men to the trenches and to the batteries.

### Defensive Cover in the Field.

Captain Harrison, of the First London (British) Engineers, has recently introduced to the attention of the army a defensive cover against rifle-bullets, etc., in the field. The "cover" combines the spade, the pick, and the ax, and is so arranged that it adds but little to the weight carried by the soldier on the march, or when in action; while, on the other hand, it is, when properly adjusted, as seen in the engraving, a sure defense against the attack of the enemy. The London *Graphic* says of it: This spade must form as much a part of the soldier's equipment as the rifle and bayonet. Whatever else the soldier of the future does or does not carry, he will carry the spade. Whenever it is necessary to make a stand for even a quarter of an hour, there the spade increases the power of the rifle at least ten-fold. All lines of defense are fixed lines, for a time; "cover" means the difference between victory and defeat. Against men under good cover, the enemy must force wave after wave of human lives, as against a wall of fire, until he exhausts by this process the ammunition of the defenders, and then assault is possible. We say emphatically, that a work defended by cool men under cover, with modern arms, and supplied with a sufficient quantity of ammunition, is impregnable to mere assault; artillery may destroy the work, but simple assault must fail, be the numbers ten to one in favor of the attacking force.

### Shooting Horses After Battle.

The capture of horses at the close of the battle of Sedan by the Prussians was simply enormous. About thirteen thousand of all classes, it was estimated, were added to the German armies. Among these were found several hundreds more or less incapacitated by sabre and shot wounds. The incurables were condemned and led into an open space, where they were killed in the most expeditious manner, and the bodies thrown into the river or buried deep in the earth. The engraving depicts the Bavarian cavalry shooting the incurably injured on the day subsequent to the surrender of MacMahon's army.

### Homeward Bound.

The German soldiers placed *hors du combat* in the present war in France are, as the illustration shows, gathered, when strong enough to walk, into companies, and, with little order, marched slowly toward the Rhine, or, if the distance be too great to walk, dispatched by easy stages to the nearest railroad depot, and thence conveyed to Strasbourg and Kiel, from which places, furnished with "authorizations" for food and carriage, they are taken to their homes in the most comfortable manner conformable with the means of transportation at the present time in Germany, where everything vehicular is pressed into the service of the State for the forwarding of supplies to the men in the field.

### French Prisoners at Versailles.

On the 21st ult., as depicted in the engraving, a party of prisoners was taken to the artillery barracks at Versailles. These were captured during an unsuccessful sortie made on the preceding day by detachments of the beleaguered soldiers in the works near Paris. The prisoners consisted chiefly of Zouaves, but among them were several peasants who had been caught in the act of firing on the German troops at the village of Bicetre. It was expected that these men would be very severely dealt with, as the practice of

which they are accused has become common, and the German commanders are determined to put a stop to it. Sentence of death was accordingly pronounced upon them; but this King William subsequently remitted.

### The Bridge at Corbell.

The engraving presents the bridge that spans the Seine River at the village of Corbell, a short distance from Paris, as it appears since the arch on the southern shore was destroyed. This destruction was accomplished by French engineers shortly subsequent to the disastrous battle of Sedan, when it was announced that it was the intention of the victorious columns commanded by the Crown-Prince of Prussia to march upon and invest the capital. The bridge is old, and its destruction was only anticipated by a few years. It is said the Government had contemplated replacing it with one more beautiful and stronger.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"LET ME BE" still cries for silence, but balladists won't do it.

ADELINA PATI is expected to sing in St. Petersburg this month.

JOHN BROUGHAM has written a new play for Edwin Adams on "Honor."

THE "Two Roses" bloomed in Philadelphia on the 31st ult. for the first time.

THE Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York have commenced their rehearsals.

"MAN AND WIFE" still lead a prosperous existence at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

MISS ELIZA WEATHERSBY and Mr. Harry Beckett are to rejoin the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

"LOST IN LONDON" was found in Washington, D.C., on the 25th and 26th ult., at the National.

KELLY & LEON brought out last week a comic opera by Offenbach, entitled "La Rose de Sainte Fleur."

THE "Flowers of the Forest" were gathered into the Opera House at Reading, Pa., on the 27th ult.

MARIE SEEBACH, whose superb acting should be seen by all lovers of the drama, appeared in Philadelphia November 7th.

ST. LOUIS, MO., was "Out in the Snow" on the 24th ult., a local piece of that name being brought out at the Varieties Theatre.

THE "Youth that Never Saw a Woman" was brought out at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 26th ult., by Miss Putnam's Troupe.

A CONTEST on "Law vs. Mutton" has been going on at Cincinnati, O., between the Race street company during the past week.

MILLE MARIE KREBS, a very talented pianist, made her debut with the Nilsson Troupe at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 24th ult.

FRAGMENTS of a violin concerto by Beethoven have been found, and M. Heilesberger has been employed to complete them.

"WHAT CAN MONEY DO?" was fairly tested on the 26th ult., at Pittsburgh, Pa., when it drew a crowded house to see Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

MR. NORDBLOM, who made his debut in English opera in New York last season, is meeting with success at the London Crystal Palace.

On the 7th inst., "Hamlet" was produced at the Globe Theatre, Boston, with Charles Fechter in the title role, and Miss Le Clercq as Ophelia.

At the forthcoming concert of the Brooklyn (N.Y.) Philharmonic Society, Miss Anna Rosetti, a German vocalist, will be the chief attraction.

THE season of English opera at Niblo's Theatre, New York, has proved highly satisfactory, both to the public and the Grand Opera Troupe.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" wooed each other in New Haven, Conn., last week, Mrs. Scott-Siddons showing herself quite familiar with the determined youth.

"OUR COUSIN-GERMAN FRITZ" ran off to Troy, N.Y., lately, in search of some relatives, and found a bewildering number in the Griswold Opera House.

PARERA-ROSA finds American audiences more liberal and appreciative than English, and is about returning to this country with a new musical company.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," accompanied by "My Precious Patsy," spent the late fair week at Charleston, S.C., where the Chapman Sisters drew good houses.

"CHRISTMAS EVE" came earlier, and made a longer stay than usual, in Philadelphia this year. At Benedict's Opera House Andrew Redifer appeared in the drama last week.

THE "Babes in the Woods" and the "Rough Diamond" were both picked up by J. S. Clarke in the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and exhibited to large audiences last week.

MR. HARRY BECKETT introduced "Widow Twankey" to a good audience at Lina Edwin's Theatre, New York, on the 31st ult., and her visit has been decidedly agreeable.

MISS MARY WELLS, who, as Gretchen, drives the jovial but inebriated "Rip Van Winkle" from the house at Booth's Theatre, has won a high reputation by her studious acting during Mr. Jefferson's engagement.

THE Concordia Maennerchor of Chicago, Ill., produced Mozart's beautiful opera of the "Magic Flute" at Crosby's Opera House, on the 26th and 27th ult., for the benefit of the sick and wounded German soldiers.

ONE of the pleasantest tests of the popularity of "Wee Willie Winkie," at the Olympic Theatre, is the boisterous satisfaction manifested by children at the ludicrous situations of the Clown and Pantaloon.

THE Parisian Opera Bouffe Troupe at the Grand Opera House, New York, still alternate with "La Grand Duchesse" and "Le Petit Faust." A new prima-donna, Mlle. Elsie Persini, has been added to the company.

MRS. F. W. LANDER met with a hearty reception on the occasion of her late appearance at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York. Her rendition of "Queen Elizabeth" was an exceedingly careful and dramatic performance.

THE Hungarian prima-donna, Rosa Czillag, who recently arrived in New York, is soon to make her appearance before the public. She has sung in all the principal opera-houses of Europe, and has been particularly successful in dramatic parts.

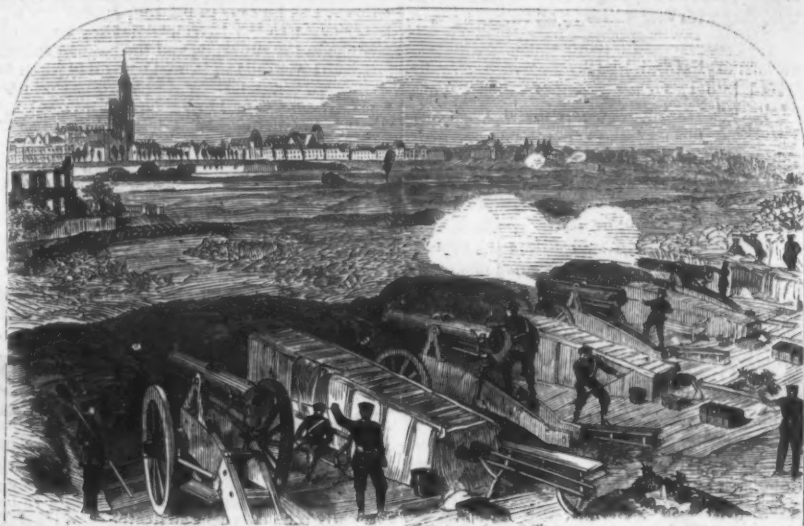
MR. J. H. MILBURN, a character artist and vocalist, from the Alhambra Palace, London, is fulfilling an engagement at the Theatre Comique, New York. He possesses a strong, rich voice, under thorough control, and is winning hosts of friends.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 147.



FRANCE.—THE CAPITULATION OF STRASBOURG—THE ENTRANCE OF THE THIRTEENTH PRUSSIAN INFANTRY OF THE LINE INTO THE CITY THROUGH THE PORTE BLANCHE.



FRANCE.—A VIEW OF STRASBOURG, BEFORE THE CAPITULATION, FROM THE PRUSSIAN BATTERY NUMBER THIRTY.



ENGLAND.—THE PROPOSED NEW MILITARY SPADE, PICK AND AX, TO BE USED BY SHARPSHOOTERS AS A PROTECTION AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FIRE.



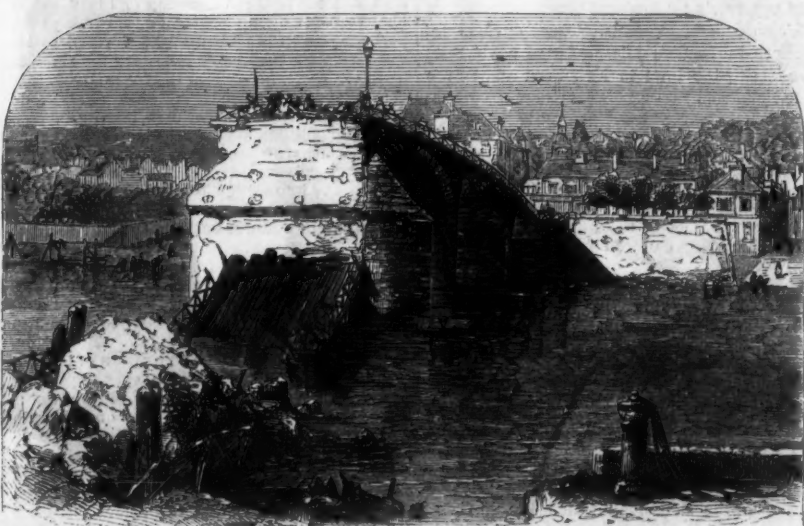
FRANCE.—SHOOTING WOUNDED HORSES, UPON THE SURRENDER OF SEDAN, BY THE BAVARIAN CAVALRY.



GERMANY.—WOUNDED AND SICK SOLDIERS OF THE PRUSSIAN ARMY, PERMANENTLY RELIEVED FROM DUTY, HOMEWARD BOUND.



FRANCE.—BOUVES AND FRENCH PEASANTS CAPTURED DURING A SORTIE NEAR PARIS AND TAKEN TO THE ARTILLERY BARRACK AT VERSAILLES.



FRANCE.—APPEARANCE OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE SEINE, AT THE VILLAGE OF CORBEIL, NEAR PARIS, UPON ITS PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY THE FRENCH.





FRANCE.—FRENCH PEASANTS FLYING BEFORE THE GERMAN ARMIES, LOADED WITH THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS, ON THE ROAD TO SWITZERLAND.

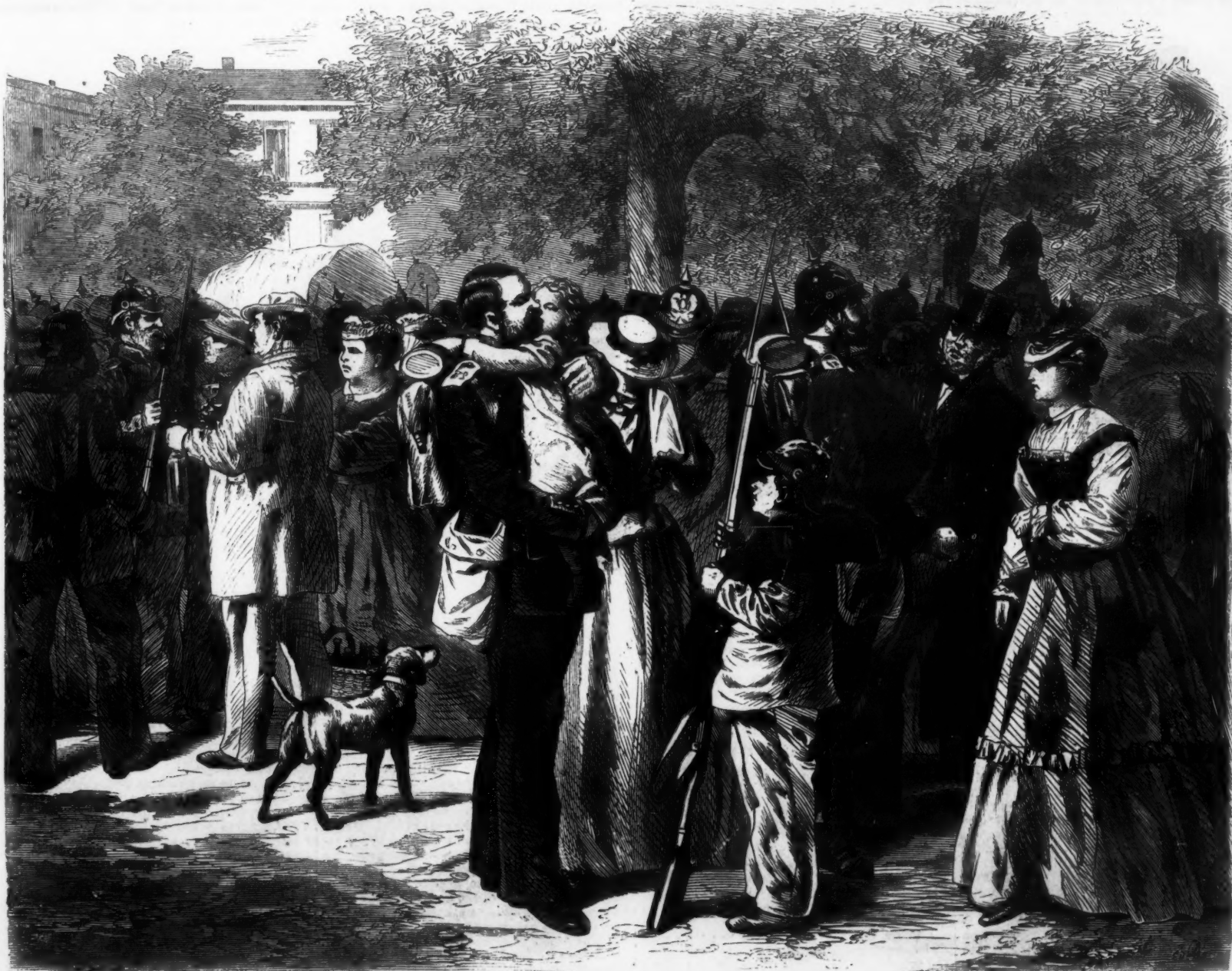
# FRENCH PEASANTS FLEEING TO SWITZERLAND

On the invasion of Alsace and Lorraine by the German armies, immediately subsequent to the

declaration of war, the French peasants, particularly those of Alsace, alarmed at the dangers which were gradually surrounding them—their portable property, in many instances, having been confiscated indifferently by their countrymen and the soldiers of Bavaria and

Prussia—wisely came to the conclusion that personal safety was to be found in retreat to a neutral territory. Accordingly large numbers of the peasants, animated by a hope of exemption from the ills of war, gathered together their domestic goods and by vehicle and per-

sonal carriage, as our engraving depicts, conveyed them within the territory of Switzerland, where they are now living contented and happy, caring little for the visitations of war in a country which they know not whether it is in the future to be French or German.



GERMANY.—SOLDIERS OF THE PRUSSIAN LANDWEHR, ON THE EVE OF THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR, TAKING LEAVE OF THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS.—SEE PAGE 151.



## MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

'Tis sad to see the last red ray  
Of evening's sun depart,  
When night prepares to bury day,  
And shroud the gazer's heart.

But should a strain of music float  
Upon the spreading dark,  
A tide increases with each note  
To sail the spirit's bark.

And, rocked upon the waves of sound,  
He dreams the Great Serene,  
And images on sunless ground  
What suns have never seen.

So, when the dark of sorrow falls,  
A voice shall bring delight,  
Surrounding solitary souls  
With music in the night.

## THE LOST LINK ;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

THE horse neared the fatal spot; but at the moment when the head of the animal was within half a length of that fatal barrier, a gentleman darted forward, and with one muscular hand seized the rein, while the other arm was thrown round Lady Alice, lifting her to the ground. A dozen hands were immediately stretched forward to secure the horse, and in a few seconds Lord Ashton and Viscount Rushbrooke rode up to the spot.

"Alice, my darling, are you safe?" exclaimed her father, in an excited tone, while Lord Rushbrooke, with a look of astonishment, turned to her preserver.

"Dacre!" he exclaimed. "Why, where on earth did you come from?"

A few moments satisfied the anxious father that all was well, and a few words had answered the rather ungracious inquiry of Lord Rushbrooke as to the reality of the presence of his old schoolfellow.

"Will you introduce this gentleman to me, Rushbrooke?" said Lord Ashton, turning to his friend, while he at the same moment extended his hand to Algernon. "I am impatient to know to whom I owe such a debt of gratitude."

"Allow me to perform the office," interposed Howard Briscoe. "Lord Ashton, let me present to you my oldest friend and schoolfellow, Captain Algernon Dacre, son of Sir Rupert Dacre, of Dacre Abbey, Monmouthshire. The Earl of Ashton and his daughter, Lady Alice Compton, Dacre."

The heartfelt thanks of the father were scarcely so eloquent as the glance that came from the now reviving Alice.

"I owe you more than my own life," was the earl's grateful exclamation, as he wrung the hand of Algernon.

Alice whispered something—she scarcely knew what—but her pale cheek flushed to a rich crimson, and her beautiful eyes glittered through the tears that came at last, to the relief of her own strained nerves.

"I am well now—quite well," she said, as her father anxiously supported her in his arms. "Only I should like to go home, papa. I can never, never thank you," she murmured, again holding out her hand to Algernon.

"Pray do not even think of such a trifle," he said. "It is nothing, nothing at all, Lady Alice; only what any one could and would have done. I was more fortunate than others, that is all," he added, and the smile which was such a peculiar charm to his face lighted it up with the bright, frank sweetness that so many found an irresistible charm.

"We cannot let you undervalue your service thus," said Lord Ashton. "I will not ask you to return with us to-day, for my daughter is too much agitated not to need perfect rest. But to-morrow I hope you will do us the favor of dining with us, and receiving rather more collected thanks than we can offer at present."

"I am much obliged to your lordship, but I am engaged," said Algernon, with unconscious stiffness of manner. It was not pride, nor moroseness, but the galling, irritating effect of the circumstances he had just narrated, that produced the apparent churlishness.

"I am very sorry," said Lord Ashton; "but perhaps—"

"I shall have the honor of calling and inquiring after Lady Alice in the morning," interrupted Algernon, quickly. "But I am going out of town in the afternoon, and can scarcely tell what will be my movements afterward. Do not let me detain you now. I am sure it is important to get Lady Alice home as quickly as possible."

He drew back, as he spoke, with a courteous bow to the young lady and a more familiar nod to Lord Rushbrooke, who was still on his horse near the carriage that had been offered to Lady Alice by its owner, who was an acquaintance of the earl's, and, of course, only too happy to place it at the service of the Lady Alice under such circumstances.

## CHAPTER IV.

OLIVIA was in her small bedroom, gazing earnestly from the window. Her eyes were blazing with excitement, her cheeks flushed till their singular wanness was almost concealed by the deep rose color. Her figure was half shrouded in the curtains, and as much of her face as was consistent with her eagerness to catch the first view of the expected visitor to Albany. Her preserver—the only one who had seen her mother, who could give her any idea of her appearance, her age, her very attitude and state when he had first found her on that frail raft—was coming. She would see him, question him, hear his voice, see his features.

Oh, how Olivia's heart beat at the idea! She

was no ordinary child, that strange Olivia. A gifted, singular temperament by nature, and from the peculiar circumstances of her birth and education, a yet more remarkably developed and precocious character than might otherwise have been the case.

At last the visitor arrived, and Olivia had but to wait now till she was summoned.

Olivia never knew how long it was before she heard the step of the schoolroom maid approaching her door.

"Please, Miss Olivia, you are wanted."

She made one bound toward the door, but Mary arrested her.

"No, Miss Olivia, not so fast, please. My mistress says you are to be dressed and made fit to be seen before you can go down."

She sat down impatiently before the glass, while Mary arranged the thick masses of hair in large twisted coils behind her small head, and bathed her flushed cheeks and eyes with rose-water. It was perhaps not the most becoming coiffure for Olivia; it showed too conspicuously her thin, fallow cheeks, and the irregularity of her features; still it also displayed the brilliant eyes and sweeping lashes, and the shape of the head, to the greatest advantage.

She darted down-stairs like an arrow from a bow, and gained the library-door. Mr. Abdy, and the gentleman with whom he was talking, had their backs turned to her as she entered.

Olivia's entrance had been so gentle and soft, that it did not disturb their conversation; but a slight rustle of the girl's dress, or, it might be, a deep-drawn breath, started the one nearest to her. She turned round, and, for the first time, Olivia saw the form and features of Algernon Dacre.

"And this is my little foundling of the wreck," he said kindly, turning to Mr. Abdy.

"Come, Olivia, have you no words to thank your preserver?" said Mr. Abdy, annoyed at the silence of his young protégée, and greatly so at the disadvantage to which she appeared in Captain Dacre's eyes.

The crimson tide of color that rushed over Olivia's fallow cheek betrayed that her silence was not the effect of insensibility or coldness. And when she suddenly raised her eyes to the face of Captain Dacre, with a quick, rapid glance, the transformation in the face was actually magical. Her splendid eyes spoke, almost involuntarily, the feelings that the shy nature of the girl could not put in words, and a far duller observer than Algernon Dacre must have been touched and fascinated by their extreme and intellectual beauty.

"I do thank you from my heart," she murmured; "and for dear mamma too."

Then, at the very sound of that name, the big tears came into the dark eyes, and from that moment Algernon understood the nature of the child. His own devotion to his mother's memory gave him a key to the imaginative worship that the orphan cherished for hers. He sat down on the deep window-seat and drew Olivia down by him.

Mr. Abdy had left the room for a moment to take counsel of his wife as to the arrangements for their guest, and the young man and the child were alone.

"Olivia, dear child, your mother and mine are in a better world than this," he said.

"Is your mother dead?" she asked.

"Long since," he replied.

"And you loved her?" she said.

"Better than the whole world besides, Olivia."

"Oh, if mamma had but lived!"

The voice grew choked and husky; Olivia stopped, and began again:

"Would you tell me what she was like, please, Captain Dacre?"

There was something almost amusing in the rapid changes of the girl's manner and look—such a mingling of womanly thought and feeling with childish simplicity.

"I can scarcely describe her to you, my dear child," he replied. "She was so white and ill, when I saw her, and her eyes never opened till I was obliged to leave the cottage where she and you lay. But I should think she was in bad health before the wreck, for her face was very thin and sunken; though I do not think she was much more than twenty, still I could see she had been beautiful. Her hair was a lovely golden brown, and very thick and abundant. Her features were very delicate and pretty, and she was slight and tall in figure. That is all I can tell you of her."

The girl gave a long, deep sigh.

There was a slight pause—then Algernon said, kindly, "Are you happy here, Olivia?"

"Mr. Abdy is very kind to me," was the evasive reply. "I call him uncle—he likes me to do so."

"And will you call me uncle, too, Olivia?"

She looked up gravely in his face with a deliberative air; then she shook her head.

"No—you are too young," she said.

Algernon laughed unrestrainedly.

"Well, that is too flattering a compliment to be rejected, Olivia, more especially as your great eyes seem to me as if they would tell the truth; but suppose you call me 'brother'?"

The face lighted up with positive, though transient beauty, as she raised it again, and looked up in his face.

"Oh, how good you are!" she said, clasping her hands eagerly together. "But I am too—too plain and witch-like, Mrs. Abdy says. If I were like Isabel it would be different."

"And who is she?" he asked.

"Mr. Abdy's daughter," she replied. "She is very fair, like you."

Again Algernon's lips relaxed a little. Had he given way to the laughter that his crimson look threatened, Olivia's confidence would have been thrown back, and destroyed—perhaps forever; but luckily Mr. Abdy returned at the moment.

"Come, Captain Dacre," said he; "my wife and daughter are waiting to be introduced to the preserver of our little Olivia. Let me take you to their morning-room. Come, Olivia, you can accompany us."

The good gentleman took the girl by the hand, and led the way to the elegant apartment where the ladies of the family usually passed their mornings. His eyes passed rapidly from the languid matron beauty which Mrs. Abdy still boasted, to the bright face of the beautiful Isabel.

Algernon Dacre inwardly thought he had never seen so lovely a girl. Perhaps his face betrayed his thoughts, for Isabel's reception was smilingly gracious; and Mrs. Abdy, always a great admirer of beauty in any shape or form, actually exerted herself to pay a few honeyed compliments on the heroism he had displayed in his rescue of Olivia, and her hope that he would not lose sight of his little foundling, now that she was discovered by him.

"Why, Captain Dacre, you are a perfect knight-errant of endangered dames and damsels!" exclaimed Isabel, playfully, as she put down a letter that she had been reading.

It was the following morning at breakfast, and the acquaintanceship between Algernon and the young girl had rapidly progressed under the influence of the evening's music and moonlight stroll on the terrace, and all the appliances of a country house in July.

"I can only vouch for my willingness to play the character you assign to me," he said, with a graceful bow; "but may I ask what induced its flattering application?"

"Why, it seems that you saved the life of my dearest friend, Lady Alice Compton," she replied, glancing again at the letter. "She gives me a glowing account of your heroism and your own danger and gratitude. Really you ought to take out a patent as a 'life preserver.'"

"I can only hope, for your sake, that I may never have occasion to try to merit the title on your behalf, Miss Abdy," said Algernon, laughing gayly; "but I really must disdain the faintest shadow of such credit as Lady Alice is good enough to assign to me. I just caught the bride of her horse, and her own groom would have been quite as effective."

"That will not do, Captain Dacre," said Isabel; "this letter tells a very different tale. But do you not think Alice very pretty?"

"Yes, in her own style," he replied.

The reply was satisfactory. Isabel glanced at her own bright face in the glass, and felt safe against Lady Alice's dark charms.

"Lady Alice is coming down to visit us next week," Captain Dacre observed Mrs. Abdy, who had apparently drawn the same inference as Isabel from his manner. "She will spend some days at least with us. And while she is here, there is to be an archery fête, and one or two other gayeties to enliven our dark neighborhood. Will you join our party? It will give us great pleasure, if you can spare us a few days from your other engagements."

Algernon hesitated.

"Ay, do, Dacre. And then you can have a better chance of getting acquainted with Olivia," said Mr. Abdy. "She is such a strange, shy child, that it takes some time to understand her ways."

"Really, my dear, as if Captain Dacre would take the trouble to study the whims of such a child as Olivia," said Mrs. Abdy, fretfully; but a glance from her daughter stopped her.

Isabel had a quicker insight than her mother into the workings of character. And she had discovered Algernon's interest in the peculiarities of the foundling.

"Mamma, you forget that she is a ward of Captain Dacre's, of right prescriptive," she said.

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Abdy," said Algernon, smilingly. "At any rate, the invitation is too attractive to be declined, though I had intended to go into Scotland in a day or two. I shall be very happy to accept your kindness, Mrs. Abdy."

"And to give me some hints in my practice, as a good soldier and a knight should," exclaimed Isabel. "I have set my heart on the bracelet, Captain Dacre, and if you have any charity in you, you will do your best to prevent its breaking with disappointment at my failure."

"It shows," said Mr. Abdy, looking fondly at his child, "what her life has been, to talk of breaking her heart over an archery prize—does it not, Captain Dacre?"

## CHAPTER V.

A MAGNIFICENT feudal castle was the ancestral and most ancient seat of the Earl of Ashton. Compton Castle was indeed one of the most stately of the many relics of the feudal times which have come down to the present period in the northern counties of England.

It was now two years since the castle had been inhabited by its lord. The last earl had died in Italy in ill health, after a residence there of a few months, and the present lord had only paid a hasty visit to his ancestral seat soon after coming to the title; and the old house-steward and housekeeper, who had served the last earl's father, were the sole custodians of the splendid castle.

On one of the soft moonlight evenings in the latter end of July, this worthy pair were sitting in the large and comfortable apartment that had been the housekeeper's room from time immemorial. The table was laid with a heavy damask cloth, and on the adjoining side-table were glasses and decanters of as richly cut glass and flagons of as massive silver as might have graced the sideboard of the old banqueting-hall. Moreover, the viands that were just being removed by a comely, clean-looking lass—the niece and experienced attendant of Mrs. Ross—were of a tempting appearance and quality that might have suited the appetite of far more refined and delicate guests than the stout housekeeper and the stalwart north country steward, Mr. Woodroffe.

"And so my Lord and Lady Alice are coming down at last," remarked Mrs. Ross, as she proceeded to place sundry bottles on the table, and a peculiar kind of viand, of her own mak-

ing, which she declared was an excellent stomachic. "Well, it will bring old times back again; and yet I cannot but say that it will seem a little sad and gloomy to see fresh faces where the dear young lord ought to have been, and others ruling where he ought to have reigned for many a long year."

"Well, it was God's will, Mrs. Ross, and, what is more, it is nothing fresh in the family," said the steward.

"No!" said Mrs. Ross, "for there was my late lord (I don't mean Earl Bertram, but his father) and his brother. Why, only look—the young Philip, you see, goes off abroad, and is never heard of properly till he was reported, by the ambassador at some place that I don't remember, to be dead."

"Well, you were always fond of Mr. Philip, Mrs. Ross," observed the steward, between the puffs of his favorite pipe.

"True, Mr. Woodroffe; and no wonder. Dear, dear, what a mortality! Four lives in ten years."

"Four, Mrs. Ross?" said the steward.

"Why, dear me, Mr. Woodroffe, where is your memory gone? Wasn't there Lord Compton, the late young earl's father, killed in hunting—that's one. Then came the news of Mr. Philip's death—that's two. And then there was the old earl two years after—that's three. And the young earl, last of all—which makes four."

"Quite true, Mrs. Ross. You are correct, as usual."

"You may say 'as usual,' Mr. Woodroffe, for I am not often mistaken—that's certain. Well, as I was going to observe, you see the title and estates have gone to the sister's son of the old earl, and he has only got a daughter; so it stands to reason that they must pass a second time into another family, Mr. Woodroffe—once through the Lady Blanche, this earl's mother, and now through Lady Alice, to her husband that may be."

"Let me drink to her health, and a good husband to her," said the steward.

"I've no objection to that, Mr. Woodroffe, for in course she is our lady now, and the only hope of the house. But still I cannot see why Mr. Philip could not stay at home, and marry, and have a son to inherit the title, in case anything happened, as it did happen to the elder son and his family. I never understood that business, Mr. Woodroffe."

"Nor I, exactly, Mrs. Ross. But I have had my own suspicions, and report did say that he was in love with a lady that married—we will not mention names, Mrs. Ross; but you may guess who I mean."

The housekeeper looked wise and reflective a moment or two.

"Perhaps I do; a distant relation, you mean. Yes, it is safest not to mention names, for, as folks say, the birds of the air may carry the matter; and you think that was the matter with Mr. Philip?"

"Yes, I do. Surely something strange had sent him off."

"Surely, Mr. Woodroffe; but I did fancy at times that my late lord did hear from him, and that he was not best pleased when he did."

"Indeed, Mrs. Ross! that is strange," said the steward.

"Well, all I know, Mr. Woodroffe, is that I once, or perhaps more than once, picked up little fragments of paper in my lord's room, and I could take an oath that they were in Mr. Philip's handwriting, though I never knew it for a certainty, seeing that the pieces were so small, that I could not tell for sure. And I always noticed that my lord was in a very ill humor just then, and that his gout was worse. That's my reason, Mr. Woodroffe. But the news of his death was no secret, anyway. It came like a thunder-clap, I am sure, on the whole house. I verily think my lord was more shocked than when Lord Compton was brought home dead."

"Maybe, Mrs. Ross—maybe; and if you reflect a bit, you'll see the reason. You see, when my Lord Compton died, the earl had got a fine young grandson to inherit the name, and also a younger son, who might marry and have children also. But when Mr. Philip died, and only that young delicate youth to be heir of all—then it was a blow, Mrs. Ross, and no mistake."

"Partly his own fault," grumbled the woman. "He should have let Mr. Philip have who he liked."

"But he hated that family, Mrs. Ross—he hated them like poison. You know there had been a foolish match among them—the only stain on any one who was even as near as they were to the Comptons of Compton. And my lord was so proud that he would never have run the risk of a daughter of that family being the mother of an Earl of Ashton; and he did not think Mr. Philip would have taken it to heart as he did."

The worthy couple then fell into a profound discussion as to the important duties that were now once more devolving on them of arranging for the coming guests.

## CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN DACRE'S room was in a wing devoted to the school-room apartments on the ground floor, and to apartments for bachelor visitors alone. As he took his way up the side staircase that led to his bedroom, his attention was suddenly arrested by the rich tones of a female voice, singing a simple ballad, which he soon recognized as one of Winter's beautiful and classical airs. He paused to listen. The voice was very fresh, and evidently untrained, but it gave promise of singular beauty and excellence—the tones were so rich and full, the notes so true, the taste and expression so correct, so simply natural, so heartfelt. He gently opened the door, and saw Olivia. The child's back was turned toward the door, and she was too much absorbed in her own sweet melody to hear his approach.

Had any one else been in the room Algernon



could not have believed the evidence of his own senses. He could not have dreamed it possible that such tones could have come from those child lips, that such deep feeling could exist, and find such speaking expression in that child's heart.

"Who teaches you, Olivia?" he said.  
"My governess, Miss Lawson, does," she replied.

Algernon laughed outright. The accent and the look were so exquisitely expressive of complete disbelief in Miss Lawson's powers.

"Well," said he, "we must talk about it another time. I dare say we can manage to let you hear what music really is some day. I think you have some ideas of it already," as, with a kindly nod, he left the room.

"That child is a genius," he thought; "pity she is so plain. And yet, perhaps it is better. She escapes the perils of beauty in her nameless, unprotected life. Poor child! it is difficult even to imagine her future—without a relative, without a name!"

During his dinner toilet the young man's thoughts were more occupied with the plain little Olivia than the beautiful Isabel.

Lady Alice's arrival at Albyns had been delayed till the very eve of the archery fête, in spite of her inclinations to the contrary. But in this case she had been overruled by a power that even the willful heiress could not resist. For about the first time in her life, Alice had suffered from indisposition that fairly confined her to her own apartments, though without any tangible ailment. And it was not till the day but one before the archery fête that she had regained her strength and vigor sufficiently to perform her engagement to her friend. All seemed to favor Isabel Abby.

"Alice can't practice, mamma," she observed; "and I am sure of the bracelet, unless she wins it. But as she is unwell, I do not think there is much chance for her. By-the-by, I hope you will keep Olivia under proper control while our guests are here, mamma. It will never do for her to show off her eccentricities before Alice and the Oakdales."

"I will do what I can," said Mrs. Abby; "but my nerves will be completely shattered. I shall look to you, Isabel, to repay me for all I have gone through."

The lady closed her eyes and lay back on her couch. Isabel yawned, promised languidly that she would "see about it," and left her mother to the enjoyment of her afternoon siesta.

It was the morning of the following day, and the two girls, with Captain Dacre, had walked to the spot which had been set apart for the archery practice for a last trial of skill. Lady Alice had arrived, late on the previous day, but had declined appearing in the circle that evening on pretext of fatigue; and, as might naturally have been supposed, Algernon had expected to meet a pale, delicate-looking girl, on her appearance next morning, instead of the brilliant brunette he had encountered more than once in the gay resorts of London fashionable life; but either Lady Alice had been playing the *malade imaginaire*, or the air of Albyns had worked magical wonders; for, when she appeared on the terrace, where Algernon was waiting, accompanied by Isabel, and both in outdoor costume, not a trace of languor or indisposition appeared in her pliant features.

Lady Alice placed herself eagerly in position, and began to try her skill. At first her arrows flew rather wild; she was completely unaccustomed to the ground, and rather out of practice during the last few weeks, but in a few minutes her play altered, she took a firmer stand, a truer aim, and the arrow rung against the very edge of the bull's-eye more than once.

"Ah, Alice, that will not do," said Isabel; "to miss it, though even on the verge of success. Now for my turn."

Isabel now took her friend's place; but either from want of confidence, or from overconfidence, she also failed more than once in her aim, and her color rose with vexation as she perceived the amused look in Algernon's eyes.

"I never shot so badly!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "The target must have been moved, I am certain, or the wind affects it. It is intolerable. It is no use shooting in this wild, aimless way. Let us each have a trial of skill—three arrows each. You first, then myself, and then Captain Dacre, who of course will put us both to shame."

The proposal was immediately acted upon, and the bows and arrows carefully examined and adjusted, to give more method and certainty to the contest. Alice laughed gayly as she took her stand.

"I am sadly superstitious," she said, "and often fancy that these attempts are types of our future life. Do you ever have such foolish ideas, Captain Dacre?"

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps. At any rate, it is a harmless fancy, unless we turn jest into earnest."

"Oh, I like playing with edge tools," said Alice; "it gives zest and excitement to one's proceedings. Come, Isabel, let us see which of us is to succeed in our dearest wish."

Isabel smiled; but there was an uneasiness in the look which ill responded to Alice's playful address.

The young heiress took her first aim: it struck about an inch from the bull's-eye. Another: it pierced side by side the first arrow. A third: it struck the mark, but it did not pierce it. Then came Isabel's turn. One—two—three. The arrows flew, and each, by some fatality, missed the mark. Only the last was lodged at the very side of Alice's, but just below it, almost in the same hole. Now it was Algernon Dacre's turn. His bow twanged strongly under his vigorous hand; then the arrow flew. The very first was a pledge of success; it struck the bull's-eye, but bounded from the mark. The second flew rather wide of the mark; but the third pierced Lady Alice's arrow, and carried it through the bull's-eye with triumphant success. The girls looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"Well, Alice, what does that augur?" said Isabel, mockingly.

Lady Alice did not reply for a moment; then she said, in a subdued tone, "It augurs, at least, success for Captain Dacre, Isabel; but whether at the expense of others or not remains to be seen," she added, looking, half scornfully, half inquiringly, at the young officer, as he stood, bow in hand, regarding his work.

"As I before said, it is foolish to turn jest into earnest," he remarked, moving from the spot with a forced smile. "It is no wonderful matter that an old soldier should take better aim than two young ladies."

Before Alice could reply, the sound of the luncheon-bell came loud and clamorous on the breeze, but the truants were fain to forget their disputes and their theories in hastening to obey its summons.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THE morning of the 19th of July rose brilliant and clear. Not a breeze ruffled the tenderest leaves of the aspen, not a cloud shaded the deep clear blue of the summer sky. Certain, steady, and unvarying as the sky of the southern land, was the face of the heavens on that English July morn.

Algernon Dacre had paid his little ward a visit while waiting for the appearance of the rest of the party.

"Well, Olivia, have you seen Lady Alice Compton yet?" he asked, as he glanced from the school-room window on the terrace.

"Yes," she replied.

"Do you like her?" he continued.

"Do you?" said the child, looking questioningly in his face.

"You little Yankee," he laughed, "can you never answer one question but by another?"

The blood rushed over her face, but her eyes did not fall before his laughing gaze.

"It was not that," she said, "only——"

"Only what?" he asked.

"It is so different," she replied. "I think Lady Alice very pretty, a great deal prettier than Isabel; and I think I might like her, if she would let me. But if you liked her, and I you, I should wait before I answered you."

"You are a strange child, Olivia," said Algernon, looking earnestly at her.

"Am I?" she said. "I do not know."

"Yes, you are," he said; "but do not be vexed, little one. I did not mean anything that could offend you. If I were married, Olivia, and had a home, would you come and live with me?"

A lightning-like gust of emotion swept over the child's face.

"Yes, perhaps," she said.

"Why perhaps?" he asked. "On what would it depend?"

"On your wife," she said, steadily. "Uncle loves me, but Mrs. Abby does not."

Algernon was silent for a moment. Then he resumed, in a lighter tone.

"I have spoken to your guardian, little one," he said, "and he will engage a good music master for you. Are you content?" he added, as the crimson tided over her face.

"More than content—grateful," she replied.

"How good you are!"

"Not more than you deserve. Good-by, little one," he said, as he hastened to join the party who were assembling on the terrace.

Algernon glanced with some curiosity on the two young girls who were walking side by side on the broad walk, as he bounded from the window. Isabel was radiant in the full flush of beauty, and the consciousness of a singularly becoming toilet. The bright green of the archery uniform suited her fair skin and sunny hair to perfection. The close-fitting habit-like dress displayed her tall, graceful figure to the very utmost. And the coquettish hat, with its streaming white ostrich feather, completed the picturesque character of the tasteful uniform.

Algernon's eyes rested for some instants on the dazzling apparition. It was impossible not to admire, but, as he inwardly decided, very possible not to love that fair nymph in her sea-green robe. His glance traveled on to the Lady Alice. It was a trying ordeal for the Oriental-looking brunette, but she came out of it triumphant. That clear, creamy skin could scarcely dread the effect of any tint, even if something was taken from its beauty; and the unique style of that remarkable face gave a character of its own to any costume that might be adopted. The graceful form looked picturesque in the close green habit. Her bosom was graced with the rarest scarlet blossoms, and a brilliant scarlet feather was fastened by an immense emerald in her hat. Her brilliant eyes flashed brightly under the jetty lashes, while the white teeth showed like pearls between the red, smiling lips.

If Isabel looked like Undine, Alice might have stood for Berta, prepared for triumph. Algernon thought he had never imagined so lovely a pair in their opposing styles. And yet, the pale face of the fallow, unattractive Olivia rose up before him, even when those fair visions glittered and smiled at his side. And the eyes that gazed mournfully after the carriage, as they dashed gayly from the door, haunted Algernon Dacre far on their pleasure-seeking road.

It was a gay scene that greeted them on entering the gates of Driffield Manor. The wooded and verdant slopes of an extensive park, the glittering, shimmering water that sparkled like silver under the sun's rays; the grounds glowing and blooming with the rarest flowers, and the gay groups.

Lady Driffield was standing in a temporary and shaded veranda, immediately above the steps that led to the mansion, to receive her guests. A pretty, youthful matron, happy in a husband who gave her wealth and her own way, the two great desiderata of her rather shallow nature.

"Ah, Mrs. Abby, I have been dying to see your carriage drive up," said her ladyship.

"They are only waiting for my fair queen of the bow, and for the Lady Alice. I presume I may address this young lady as Lord Ashton's daughter?" she added, extending her hand to the young girl, with the winning grace she could assume at pleasure. "Here is a mutual friend of yours and mine, Lady Alice," she continued. "Lord Rushbrooke has been impatiently looking for your arrival, and I promised him the honor of conducting you to the archery ground."

Lord Rushbrooke advanced, his heavy features lighted up with about the same radiance as the sun gives to a London fog.

"Lady Alice," he said, "I am enchanted to see you in such brilliant health and looks. May I have the pleasure of leading you to triumph?"

If the viscount had prepared the speech, as Alice saucily conjectured, it was a sadly useless labor. She quietly bowed her thanks, and took Algernon's arm, saying, "I was engaged some two hours ago, Lord Rushbrooke. When will you learn that nothing can be gained without labor and activity in this world? If you had ridden over to Albyns, who knows what might have been the result?"

The mortified viscount gave a glance of the most bitter and lowering resentment at Algernon Dacre.

"He shall pay for this," he muttered, as he turned sulkily away. But Lady Driffield had no fancy for allowing the most distinguished guest at her fête to be thus disgusted at its very outset.

"Miss Abby," she said, "pardon me, but if your cavalier would consent to resign you for a short time, I should feel really obliged—I wished particularly that Lord Rushbrooke should take charge of one of my queens of the bow and arrow. He has been so kind as to assist me very much in the arrangements for the archery."

Of course there was no disputing the request of the fair hostess of the day. And young Valedale resigned Isabel with what grace he might, and went in search of some less distinguished and more willing companion for the hour.

"You know Dacre, then, Miss Abby?" said Rushbrooke. "Strange, impertinent sort of fellow is Dacre—always was at school."

"Then you were schoolfellows?" she asked, with some eagerness.

"Yes—oh, yes; but we were never chums, you see. Dacre never knew his place; always expected to be equal with every one; and you know, Miss Abby, that he is but a younger son, and I have heard, under the rose, it is very doubtful that he will come in for anything."

By this time they had reached the archery ground, where the group were anxiously waiting them. The preliminary arrangements had already been made. The division into the two parties of gentlemen and lady candidates for the prizes was quickly completed, and in a few minutes the competition began.

#### SWEARING IN DEPUTY MARSHALS FOR THE N. Y. STATE ELECTION.

FOR several weeks previous to the State and County election in New York the metropolis was the scene of intense political excitement. Fears having been entertained that opposition would be offered to a fair and orderly balloting, United States Marshal Sharpe received instructions from Washington to use every power at his command to prevent fraudulent voting.

On Saturday, October 29th, he appointed two thousand deputy marshals, and swore them to a faithful execution of the laws relating to elections for representatives in Congress. The United States Court building in Chambers street was densely crowded at an early hour of the day, first with the throng who flocked thither to learn the latest intelligence regarding the enumeration of the city's population, and second by the men chosen as deputy marshals.

The chamber of the Circuit Court, having been placed at the disposal of Commissioner Davenport, was soon filled to the utmost compactness. The crowd formed in little knots, and discussed freely the political situation. Enthusiastic individuals gave the most exact intelligence of the force, both naval and military, that the United States had ordered to the port, and details of the Marshal's designs, sufficient to set that officer crazy at their wildness.

The process of administering the oath was a very tedious one, and great confusion prevailed until the last of the two thousand had sworn to prevent corruption and illegal voting.

The affair was regarded with silent approbation by those who were pleased at the determination of the Government to enforce the election laws of Congress, while others denounced it as an infringement of personal rights.

#### LEAVING FOR THE WAR.

THE illustration entitled "Prussian Landwehr Leaving for the Seat of War," etc., depicts a scene that was not uncommon in Prussia at the outbreak of hostilities between that power and France. The members of the Landwehr were suddenly called upon to leave their families and occupations, and report at the headquarters of their regiments for duty in the field. The grief and consternation of the people were great. Families were broken up, and thousands who were happy six short months ago are now steeped to the lips in poverty, often homeless—widows and orphans who have none to care for or protect them against the storms of adversity to which they are exposed. The cloud of war may have its silver lining, but few are they who are permitted to see it.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI recently presented a costly gold chain and medalion to Vinnie Ream, the American sculptress.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

FLORIDA has gained 60,000 in ten years.  
THE soil of Marion County, O., is valued at \$9,166,867.

ST. LOUIS is to have a public park of three thousand acres.

IRON bridges are built in Kansas cheaper than wooden ones.

THE Androscoggin River is higher now than at any time since June.

FOUR women were discovered among a body of Turco prisoners.

VIRGINIA has voted to furnish wooden legs to maimed Confederate soldiers.

BRATTLEBORO Vt., was visited by the first snow-flakes of the season on the 27th.

WESTERN Iowa has caught a grasshopper that measures an inch across the back.

THE streets of Lafayette, Ind., are paved with two feet of old boots and hoopskirts.

THE capture of Soissons gives the Germans a second line of railway from Châlons to Paris.

THE combined salaries of the Governor and Secretary of State of Michigan are only \$1,800.

FOR the first time in thirty years, the New Haven county jail is without a female prisoner.

THE waters of Hingham and Plymouth (Mass.) harbors are literally swarming with smelts.

AKRON (O.) women get their husbands drunk, and then prepare the corpse with a poker.

NO fewer than five persons were killed by cabs and omnibuses in London within a week lately.

THE lung disease in horses and cattle has made its appearance in several places in Massachusetts.

THE United States fifty-cent piece contains five cents' worth more silver than the Canadian half-dollar.

THERE are eight stove manufacturers in Boston, who represent an aggregate of over \$2,500,000 capital.

A NATIVE Kaffir preacher of the Moravians has translated "Pilgrim's Progress" in the Kaffir language.

THE Emperor's papers reveal the fact that the Prince Imperial's baptism cost a trifle over \$180,000.

COVINGTON is trying to make whisky faster than Cincinnati can drink it, but with poor success at last accounts.

THE proprietors of a Michigan watch factory offer to remove to Galesburg, Ill., if that city will donate \$100,000.

ST. CLOUD is a total ruin, the pictures and tapestry all burned. The bust of Napoleon and some books were saved.

THE census of Iowa, as officially reported, gives that State 1,187,398 inhabitants—a gain of nearly 100 per cent. in ten years.

UNDER the foundation of the front steps of Trinity Church, New Haven, an old tombstone has been found, marked 1770—S. M.

THE towns of Jefferson and Lancaster, N. H., will consume 100,000 bushels of potatoes this year in the manufacture of starch.

A SALE of a tract of land embracing 30,000 acres was made in Wisconsin, some days since, at prices averaging forty cents per acre.

A MAN in Milwaukee, engaged in the "construction of a six-bladed horse and a leather frying-pan," was taken to a lunatic asylum.

JETHRO is the smallest town in the United States that is lighted with gas. It is on the Ohio River and has ninety-nine inhabitants.

THERE will be fifty-three Sundays in the year 1871, the year beginning and ending on Sunday. It ought to be a good year and a happy one.

At a recent sand-blast near Newfoundland, Morris County, N. J., a large rock, computed to weigh thirty tons, was thrown a distance of seventy yards.

THE state of affairs in France ought to give a prodigious stimulus to the science of ballooning, on which M. Nadar and other enthusiasts have spent so much time and money.

THE Belgian authorities have cautioned the public against using the waters of the Meuse, which are poisoned by the carcasses of dead horses and other refuse from the battlefields.

THE Custom House officials at Houlton, Me., recently seized a flock of some five hundred sheep which had come "over the line," some paying duty, and some "otherwise."

FIFTY-ONE boys gained admittance to an entertainment at New London, Conn., on Friday evening, by climbing up the water-leads and squeezing through the uppermost windows.

SOME prodigious bombs, on the way to Versailles, lately passed through Frankfort. These mortars carry one hundred and forty pounds of powder, and could easily contain a small-sized man.

A BELGIAN, who has been paying a visit to the Turcos now in custody in his country, describes them as passing most of their time in playing games of cards, which they play almost in silence.

THE Paris papers are no longer Paris papers for they are published in various different places. The "Liberté" is about to make its debut at Bordeaux, and the "Patrie" now emanates from Folders.

THIS is not the first time that the Parisian theatres have been closed. They were closed for about three weeks, under similar circumstances, during the rule of the First Republic, in September, 1792.

IN the senior class of Dartmouth College, numbering seventy-two, four are from India, three from California, one from Oregon, two from Illinois, two from Missouri, one from Michigan, one from Indiana, and four from Oregon.

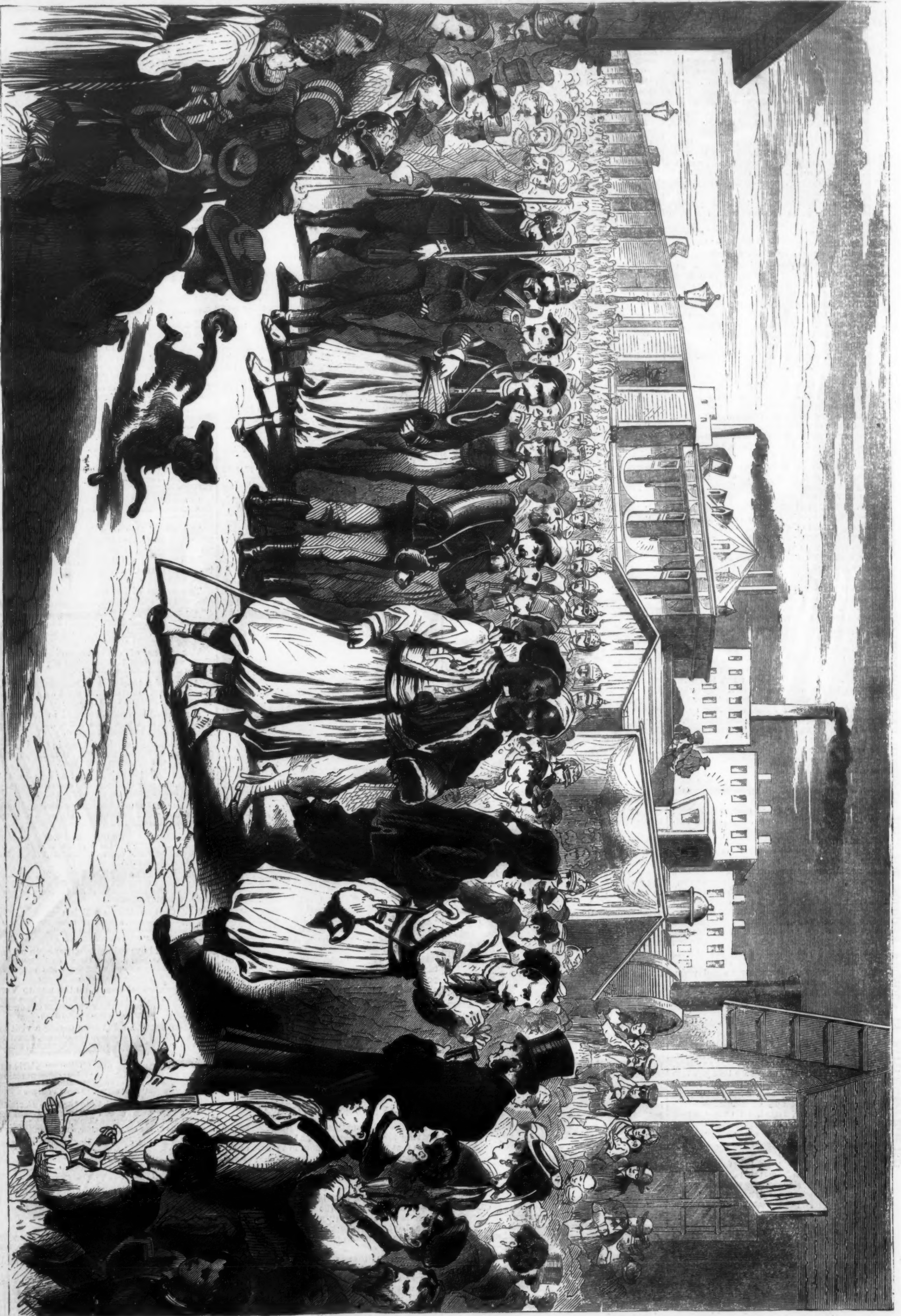
A FAT young doe was killed in Warren County, N. J., on the banks of the Delaware, last week. It had been wounded by hunters on the Pennsylvania shore, and being observed crossing the river, as it landed, was dispatched with a club.

A LETTER from Versailles in the Cologne "Gazette" says: "The majority of the shops are open. Salt, butter, milk, and meat—articles of luxury in districts which I have just traversed—are here; if not in excess, at least in sufficient quantity."

According to Denver City (Col.) newspapers, engineers have commenced the survey of an immense irrigating canal, to extend from Platte Canon, before the river debouches into the plains, to the head of the Republican River, in the eastern part of the Territory. A canal thus situated will irrigate not less than 3,000,000 acres of land now almost worthless except as pasture.



GERMANY.—ARRIVAL AT THE EAST RAILWAY DEPOT, BERLIN, PRUSSIA, OF FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR TAKEN AT SEDAN.—SEE PAGE 157.





GERMANY.—SANITARY FAIR IN STUTTGART. WÜRTTEMBERG—LADIES PREPARING BANDAGES AND GARMENTS, ETC., FOR SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN BATTLE.—SEE PAGE 157.





## PEACE AND WAR.

## TWO AUTUMN LANDSCAPES.

## I.

Thin yellow leaves are waving in the sun,  
Thin red leaves tremble on the garden wall,  
A cold dew beads upon the last pale rose,  
That ere another hour will shake and fall.

Gay past my window, heedless of next frost,  
Flit the bright-colored wandering butterflies;  
The stillness and the calm of Autumn time  
Upon the changing misty woodland lies.

And on the yellowing bough of the ash tree  
The little robin with a ruddier breast  
Sits singing now with heedless child's delight  
Of Autumn's soothing hours of ease and rest.

Peace and Content, like children hand in hand,  
Walk by the woodside through the rustling leaves;  
Nature seems dreaming of the golden age,  
When joyous days but led to merrier even.

## II.

Another scene, and in another land,  
A sullen sky of boding thundercloud,  
That broods upon the long, long poplar rows,  
And gathers hill by hill within its shroud.

Under the vineyard, torn in gaps with shot,  
Nestles a cottage, once so trim and neat;  
But now across the shattered smoldering floor  
There are the crimson prints of trampling feet.

And by the riven wall that's in a flame  
There lies an old man, with his long gray hair  
Steeped in his children's blood. 'Twas well he died  
Before he saw red Murder riot there.

And in the distance, through the sloping vines,  
The bayonets glance, and one quick angry drum  
Answers a calling bugle; and a horse,  
Now riderless, flies fast from where the foe-men come.

## THE WIFE'S PLOT;

## OR,

## THE PRIDE OF THE HATHERLEIGHS.

## CHAPTER LI.—(CONTINUED).

"LEWIS HARTROW," said Mrs. Hatherleigh, as her voice shook with emotion, "in seeing our children you and I can forgive the past and the dead all the wrong done to us. My granddaughter is your child, and your son is mine. Let us pardon all the mistakes and bitterness and revenge that sprang from pitting the poor against the rich, and the rich against the poor." "I don't blame the squire," said Lewis Hartrow, taking her hand humbly. "I was the wrongdoer—and I was willing to bear the punishment of breaking the law. What I thought hard was that the gentry should mislead a headstrong man like Job Byles, and twist his mind out of right and wrong. There's many a landlord little thinks the lies his keepers swear to; and a lie told upon a book sweeps a man's life or liberty away; but there, I was wrong, wrong from the beginning, when I first ran wild on Hatherleigh Heath. And if my work in my prison hours could have paid for my wrongdoing, I should have felt contented to suffer innocently for the crime Job put on me; but they wouldn't count it so. I was never to work it off all my life long, they said. But I hope, ma'am, you won't count me still in your debt; I hope you'll think I've paid for what I took, in sufferings and labor and prisons, and the bad name put on me all the years of my life. Sometimes I've thought and hoped these would pay for the broken law. Especially I thought so when I was hid away in the poor home I was driven out of, where, in my loneliness, I shaped it out like, from the beginning, and fancied the rooms were haunted by my old self—myself a little child, not bad then—and myself a youth, growing bad, with gentle and simple and high and low against me, through that bad name, and I struggling and fighting against it and against them, and crying salt tears in secret when I seemed most hard to careless eyes that looked on me with such contempt. And now I was home again—a wanderer, hated still, and hunted on the mountains like a wolf; and I grew angry, and said justice was with me, not with the world. After all I had done and suffered, my bad name and I were quits; and I thought that if I should die and come to Him, even in a prison garment, I should not be turned away. I did wrong, and suffered for it; but I suffered, too, for a wrong I never did; and I hope, when the reckoning comes, this will be counted on my side.

"Bear with me a moment more, ma'am," he continued, "and I'll never speak of myself again. I want to tell you that I never knew, till she came to die, what Hester had done in her passion and her revenge; she confessed it then, and she made me promise to go home and see our boy. But even now she couldn't perceive how great an evil she had done. 'The Hatherleighs made you a felon,' she said; 'they've made your son a gentleman—that's just. And they hated you falsely, and they'll love him falsely—that's just, too. I have not been cruel to their child, as they would have been to mine. Would they have asked or heeded how the convict's boy fared? But I have made their girl a lady. They have had the joy, too, of my boy's childhood; his fresh voice and happy face are in their memories; they have seen him grow up day by day, while I have been childless all my life. But tell him I have loved him and worked for him; he is a gentleman. I have worked to make him rich, if they discard him.'"

Lewis Hartrow's voice faltered here, and for an instant he was overcome. Ethel and Ralph, listening to his words, felt their pulses quiver

with the same pity, and their eyes met in sympathy and love.

"That is how Hester talked," said Lewis, as he grew firm again; "and seeing she was dying, I had not the heart to blame her. I understood now all the sorrow of her life. Many is the time, seeing her sit by our wood fire silent, I've said, 'Hester, who are your thoughts with in the old home?' 'With our child, Lewis,' she'd answer, with a steadfast look in her eyes, as if she were gazing far away at something I could not see. 'But she is well cared for,' I'd say. 'Your brother will make her a good woman.' Then I've seen the tears roll down her cheeks like silent rain, and she'd rise up suddenly, and leave me alone. Sometimes she said to me, half laughing, 'I don't care for girls, Lewis. Let us make believe that our child is a boy, and talk about what a grand gentleman he'll be one day. Ah! he'll clear the Hartrow name. No one will throw a bad word upon you at Hatherleigh, when he is a man.' Latterly, as she grew weak, she talked like this so often that, when she told the truth on her death-bed, I was not so frightened at it as I might have been; and, when I had buried her, I kept my word. I came home to see my boy's face, not thinking any one would know me again at Hatherleigh. You remember how Job Byles recognized me, and, like a hound, hunted me down; and it was a near miss that night that my own son and I had not come to blows."

Father and son clasped hands here, Ralph saying with a smile, "And Ethel saved us, as she always did."

"She came between us like an angel, as it seemed to me," said Lewis, "to stay our anger and hold back our hands."

"You both speak of me more kindly than I deserve," said Ethel, as a swift blush flashed across her face. "I have done little for you, father, and nothing for Ralph. It was Augustus's kind courage that night that saved you."

"Shall I tell you what she did for me, Ralph?" asked Lewis Hartrow. "When I had made my confession to Captain Hatherleigh, and he and I parted forever, I told him he might marry my son to whom he would, but I would only give away my daughter myself. I was willing to give her to Ralph, if they loved each other; but I could not part with her while my life was sinking from me. 'We cannot change children now,' I said; 'it is too late; you must leave me the girl till I die.' And you must leave me my son," he cried; "the boy is the very core of my heart." Then I made him promise to let Ethel come to my poor bed to close my eyes.

This is the promise that he and she both kept, Ralph, on the day that saw her your wife. It was to come to your father, lad, that she quitted her husband, though she left you thinking ill of her, and she knew it. But I seemed near death then, and never believed I should see your face again in joy. Ralph, she came to me when I was sick and in prison, though I know how her heart yearned to have a kind word from you, and though all her joy was with you, and she found with me only sorrow and shame. This was the part she chose, lad, when she might have had honor and happiness; and I don't think she'll make a worse wife to you for that last kindness to Lewis Hartrow."

"Come, come," interposed Mrs. Hatherleigh. "I do not think it is fair to talk so much of Ethel to her face. See what a blushing, rosy face you have changed it to, Lewis! And as for yourself, you are still weak and weary; you must take some rest now."

"I never want to take rest when I'm praising her," said Lewis. "I saw her first in my old home, praying with my poor old grandfather—tending him dutifully, as she has since tended me. And to think she should be a Hatherleigh—one of those who hated me, and whom I hated—that seemed a miracle to me! But the first sound of her voice brought my heart to my lips, and I love all the Hatherleighs for her sake."

The fever in his wan face, the tears in his haggard eyes, showed how ill he was able to bear this long excitement; and laying her hand lightly on his arm, Mrs. Hatherleigh led him away, and closed the door softly on Ethel and Ralph. Then the love burning in his heart so long burst forth in words, and the kiss he gathered from Ethel's lips had a world of tenderness and forgiveness in its pure pressure.

## CHAPTER LII.

DEFEATED, desperate, raging, Ephraim Byles rushed through Hatherleigh Park and the wood beyond, with the rain beating against his yellow face, and dripping on him from bough and leaf. Chill, persistent, steady, the outpour of the clouds seemed ceaseless and cruel as a flood as it caught him on the open heath, and drenched him to the shivering bones; but it never stopped him for an instant in his course. Flight and revenge were the fixed purposes of his wretched mind, and bent on these he dashed onward, running like a hunted beast.

Some deeds of villainy were in his power still. He could haul Lina Spence and this young upstart whom she called her son, if he could but reach the office, and lay his hands on bonds and shares and other properties lying there in safes of which he had the keys; and surely he had time for this. They did not mean in very deed to arrest him for the concealment of the will. No; he knew what their intentions were: they would ruin and disgrace him by other ways, and in a week from this there would not be a man in Coryton who would give him his hand. Did they think he was going to wait here, like a fool, to be pointed and hissed at, and sink into a beggar? No, there was a little cunning left still in his plotting brain; he knew a way to revenge and enrich himself at one blow, and he would strike it, and escape with a lurking triumph in his sight, of which they would not dream. Money answered all things; and, having this with him, he could make a home beneath a pleasanter sky, and find enjoyment still. The convict's

son, Ralph Hartrow, should yet own he had bought his victory dear; and if they ever met, at least he would never smile in his face again as he had done to-day. And now, as the vision rose before his blinking eyes of the fair heritage and the fair wife Ralph had won, he ground his teeth and clinched his hands, and ran on through the darkness and the flood with a fire in his heart which all the rains of heaven could not quench.

"Is that Ralph at last?" said Lina, eagerly; and lifting her wan face from her cushions, she turned her gaze with feverish longing toward the open door.

Then a menacing figure, with a stealthy step, crept forward, and Lina's wide-extended eyes fell in terror on the face of Ephraim Byles. There was something in his look so terrible, so hideous and threatening, that the frightened woman would have screamed aloud, if, quick as lightning, he had not thrust forth his yellow hand, and spread it on her lips.

"You had better be silent," he said, in that hissing voice of his. "The time is gone by when any talk between me and you can hinder harm."

"Let me go!" gasped the unhappy Lina, shrinking from his horrible touch. "How dare you put your hand upon me?"

"What, not to wish you good-by?" asked Byles, with a hideous leer. "I leave Coryton to-night forever; only I could scarcely go without wishing such an old friend as you long life and happiness to enjoy your success."

The heartbroken woman, whose last joy on earth was gone down into the grave of her husband, covered her face with her hands, and shivered from head to foot.

"The captain was killed off rather sudden," said Byles, in a gloating way, "and I don't suppose his interview with Lewis Hartrow made death any easier. How is the old man, Mr. Spence?"

"Isn't he here?" cried Lina, looking wildly around, and missing for the first time her father's shrunken figure from his large armchair. "Well, no," said Byles, slowly rubbing his hands and smiling; "the fact is, he is down at the office."

"And who decoyed him there? What villainy is this?—is it your doing?" exclaimed Lina, hurriedly. "Have you no pity, that you seek to harm a poor, weak old man?"

She stretched out her hand toward the bell, but Ephraim thrust her back with a threatening gesture.

"I shan't touch him or hurt him," he said. "He is mighty busy among his papers, and he is safe enough; he is locked in, and I have the key here."

Still frightened and doubtful, and suspicious of his purpose, Lina glanced at this ogre of her dreams shrinkingly.

"I don't think you would hurt my poor father," she said, in her pretty small voice; "even you could scarcely be so cruel as that."

"Dear me, no," burst out Ephraim with a laugh. "I should as soon think of hurting the old patriarch. I mean to wish him good-by, too. I wouldn't go away without a word or two with the ancient patriarch for half the world."

But here the ugly assumption of mirth he put on faded, and he broke forth into accents of rage. "How dare he follow me about and betray me?—the treacherous old spy! I'll teach him to set traps for me!"

"Give me the key of the office, Mr. Byles," interposed Lina, uneasily. "I want to send for my father. I never knew him to wander down to the office so late as this."

"You had better send for him soon," retorted Byles, and stooping, he whispered a moment in her ear, while Lina, starting up wildly, gazed at him in speechless amazement and horror.

"You cannot mean that?" she faltered, in a ghastly whisper.

"I mean that, and more," he answered, between his set teeth. "Now your husband is dead, you care little about ruining yourself, but you shan't ruin me without paying for it. Did you think I should tamely submit to see Hartrow's son triumph over me—tamely see him take the fortune I've been striving for all my life—tamely see him the husband of the only woman I have ever cared for since your false face deceived me? No, no! a million times no! I can reach his heart through you, and I mean to reach it, and pierce him yet."

Lina had listened with parted lips and wide-open eyes, and face blanched to the hue of death, and now, rushing past him, with a sudden strength she sprang to the door, shrieking "Fire!" with one piercing scream. But the wild word was scarcely uttered when something hidden in Ephraim's hideous hand flashed before her shrinking eyes; then it struck her a deep, fierce stroke, and even before a cry could ring forth from her white lips, she fell at his feet, and without a look, he sprang to the window, opened it, and fled away.

Lina was senseless when the servants found her; but she rallied with the aid they gave, and asked for Ralph and Ethel. Something was on her mind, she said vaguely, but with a strange terror she could not remember what it was.

Swift messengers rode to Hatherleigh, and brought her children to her side. Then, as Ralph knelt down, she put her thin hand upon his head, and looked wistfully at Ethel's tearful face.

"Love her dearly, Ralph," she said. "Give her all the love that we have never given her; her own kindred and her father loved you to the death, and I, her mother, forsake her. I only saw her baby face in dreams reproaching me, as it went down into the waves; and when at last I knew she was living, I feared to see her; and when we met I only cared for myself; I only thought of you and my husband—not of her. I made her promise to force the Hatherleighs to keep silent, and she flung herself into the breach between me and them, and saved me from the shame and agony they would

have flung upon me. Oh, Ralph! Ralph! I could not have lived a moment under my husband's hate. She shielded me from it, and bore all your doubt for my sake. Love her dearly for it—love her dearly!"

Unable to say more, Lina closed her eyes, and Ralph, bending over her, kissed her with sobs and tears.

"Don't grieve for me," she sighed, faintly. "What have I live for but shame and sorrow and remorse? But you are glad I am not so wicked as that dreadful man made you think. Ralph, you are glad of that. It was better to know the truth than to think that, dear," and she stroked his face with her small, trembling hand. "You see I was selfish to the end. I made them tell you when I felt you were hating me. I've been selfish all my life; but now that I am struck at last, perhaps God will forgive me. You don't hate me still, Ralph, for my wickedness, do you?" And once more her wan hand rested on his head.

"Hate you, mother!—hate you!" faltered Ralph. "Do not break my heart with such cruel words. I have always loved you; I love you still."

"And do you forgive me too?" said Lina, stretching her trembling hand to Ethel—"you who have had to suffer for us all?"

"I have not suffered," answered Ethel, gently. "Do not think of me with grief or remorse—there is no need. All the world has been good and kind to me."

"No, no; the goodness and the kindness have been yours," faltered Lina, wistfully. "It is you who have changed the rich man's contempt, and the poor man's hate, into love; it is you who have taught my small, light soul how ugly a thing is revenge, how beautiful is pardon. Merciful God! give it to me, and let me see my husband's face again in peace."

She wept a little silently, and closed her eyes in weakness. But in this short moment's rest some dreadful memory swept across her brain, flushing her marble face with a sudden fever.

"My father! my dear old pater!" she cried, wildly. "Save him, Ralph; he'll perish; that vile murderer said it!"

Was this only a fevered raving, or was it true? They could not tell, but they soothed her, sending messengers on every side to search for Mr. Spence, while she, fading away gently, murmured his name constantly, with voice and sense growing fainter and fainter. At length, as with a sudden gleam of memory, her sinking eyes lighted up, her white lips uttered the word "fire" in clear accents, and her fingers closed over Ralph's, imploringly. Then, as he caught her meaning, he leaned over her with blanching cheek.

"You allude to some dreadful threat of the villain Byles?" he said. "Try to tell me what."

"The key! the key!" said Lina, faintly. "Save him!"

She pointed to the floor, and searching there, they found the key which Ephraim in his flight had dropped.

"It is the key of the office," said Ralph, with a horrible tear clutching his heart. "Do you mean I must seek my grandfather there? Do you wish me to go myself?"

An instant lighting up of Lina's dying eyes, and a pressure of her hand answered him, and resigning his place to Ethel, Ralph with a beating heart rushed into the open air.

It seemed an hour, though the time was scarcely minutes, till he reached the office, and turned the key in the massive door. Then a cloud of smoke rolled toward him through the long gusty passage, and a tongue of flame shot up the narrow stairs. The people who had followed him uttered a cry, and started back; but Ralph dashed onward, calling loudly on Mr. Spence.

There was a moment of ghastly silence, then a firm voice answered him from out the smoke:

"I am safe! But you cannot reach me. I have taken refuge in an upper room. Fetch me a ladder. That villain Byles has set fire to the house!"

Ralph never stopped to wonder at the reason and firmness which spoke in Mr. Spence's voice; he called to the gathering crowd for ladders and for help.

The opening of the door had lighted the smoldering fire into flames, which poured forth from the lower rooms, driving Ralph again into the street; but in a minute more his strong hand was on the ladder, and he was the first to mount and spring into the room above. Mr. Spence was here, with ledgers, books and papers piled around him.

"I have saved these," he said, quite calmly. "I woke up as from a dream when I saw that rascal robbing the safe and cash-box, and deliberately setting fire to books and papers all around. I might have got away before, but I would not lose deeds and bonds given to me in trust."

Ralph caught the old man by the hand in amaze and momentary joy. He saw that, as a sudden shock had overturned his reason, a shock had brought it back—alas! only to suffer more.

"Come away!" he said. "Save yourself at once!"

"I'll see those deeds and ledgers safe first, my boy. I have worked hard to save them. I was just going to throw them from the window, when you came."

"Let others save them, grandfather. My mother asks for you—she is dying!"

"My pater—my dear old pater!" said Lina, with sudden strength, as her dying face brightened with a great joy. "Has God given me the happiness to see you safe? Ah! now I am glad to die, and go to Ralph. You don't hate me, pater? You don't hate your wicked daughter, do you? Ethel, take care of my poor old father. You won't cheat him as I did? But I only thought to please him—I didn't think of the sin, you know. I am a poor, little weak thing, without much sense; but I believe they



loved me. Yes, they loved me, dear old pater and Ralph. And you won't hate me when I am gone. Put 'Pardon' on my gravestone, and pray God not to ask from the light leaf the strength of the stout tree. Dear old pater, dear old pater—safe! safe! Byles has not hurt him—only me struck down; and I deserve to go. God bless you all! I am going to leave you. Don't bury me with the Hatherleighs—I shall be afraid—they hate me so. Such pride, you know, pater. I am not good enough for a county family, dead or living. But I loved Ralph—I loved him dearly—dearly.”

These were her last words, though she lived an hour after this, and smiled upon them often, passing away so softly that Ralph and Ethel could scarce say upon whom her last smile fell, but Mr. Spence knew it was given to him, and so was the last light touch of her little fragile hand.

For the last two hours of her life a silent figure in mourning weeds had sat by her bedside weeping. But now she rose and fell upon her knees.

“God pardon her and me!” she said, kissing her dead face.

“Let her be!” cried her father, jealously. “That kiss, given her on her wedding-day, Mrs. Hatherleigh, would have saved all this sorrow; now it is a sacrilege.”

“This is her new marriage-day,” said Ethel, drawing him, tenderly away. “Her husband’s mother kisses her for her second bridal.”

Far and wide the country was scoured for the murderer; far and wide the telegraph sped its message, telling of his flight; and trains were searched and stations watched in vain. Meanwhile the rain poured down all day, as it had poured that night, and the river rose and filled its banks to their wooded tops.

Shut in by stress of weather from their somewhat distant neighbors, and secretly guarded from gossips by the police, the old trapper and his daughters knew nothing of what had happened. They knew only that Ephraim had been inquired for in the morning, and they had answered he had not returned all night.

Toward sunset the old trapper, wearying of his work indoors—where his fear of Ephraim had kept him more than the rain—took a new gin beneath his arm, and sallied forth with his thin face set toward the Tors. Seeing him go down the valley, not toward the town where he would hear the dreadful news, the watchers let him go on his way unmolested. Whistling a doleful tune, old Job trudged on by the river’s brink, looking down on the troubled water. But soon his steps slackened, and by the pool where his slippery enemy the otter was supposed to dwell he stopped and pondered.

“Dashed if this isn’t the finest weather in the world for otters,” he said, thoughtfully. “I’m afeard it’s poor weather for Ephraim, though, and for all runaways and tramps. It was a whist thing for a father to split upon his son. But why did he bury his prey like a varmint? I was forced to speak. Well, I won’t study over it; he’s got away safe for sartain; he’s cute enough for that.”

Here he knelt down in the high, drenched grass, and plunged his hands deep into the water, raising them again in a second with a puzzled look on his dry, shriveled face. “Darned if the spring of the trap ain’t down! I’ve got thic otter at last. Here, Kezia, Jemima, Happy! I’ve caught thic otter. Come and see ‘un.”

Down went his brown hands again into the deep river, and a stranger look still flashed white over his weatherbeaten face.

“It’s a heavier varmint than a otter,” he said, in a low voice.

Yes, it was the heaviest, wickedest “varmint” he had ever caught yet. It was the dead face of his son, Ephraim, which he lifted up to the surface of the water, as by main force he dragged the gin upward, letting it go again with a loud cry as he saw its ghastly burden.

Caught by his red, wicked hand in the strong spring, there he lay drowned and dead, a ghastly object for the rain to fall on softly, and the shadow of the Tors to fall down on darkly. His breast-pocket was full of money, and of papers and bonds that would have brought him money; but a step or two astray on the dark road and one slip of the foot had swept him down to death. Perhaps he had struggled hard for life, and seized the trap, thinking he had caught at a sudden help; but then the spring snapped and closed, and his cruel hand being held within its vice, he died, as he had lived, like the lowest creature that crawls and thieves. His plans were well laid—he had thought the burning down of the office would account for the loss of all money and papers, as well as for Mr. Spence’s death; and this unhappy gentleman’s mental state would have made the whole world deem him the incendiary. Doubtless he had not meant to murder Lina—he was too cunning to dream of such a deed; it was one of those sudden crimes to which evil men seem led unwittingly at times, when they fancy themselves most safe and most deliberate in their purpose of self-preservation.

CHAPTER LIII., AND LAST.

“Duffer married!” exclaimed Milly. “Well, that is more extraordinary than anything you have told me yet.”

“But it is pleasant news, I think, Milly, than the rest. At all events, I was very glad to hear of it,” said Lord Brimblecombe, bending down to look in Milly’s face.

Milly forthwith stooped down, under pretense of gathering a branch of laurustinus drenched with rain, whose drops ran over her pretty rosy fingers like little rills of jewels, catching the light.

“Glad, were you?” she said, shyly. “Now, I can’t imagine why you should be glad at poor simple Duffer’s getting married. I think I am the one who ought to be glad.”

“And why you, Milly?” he asked.

“Because his love-suit to me, which was as

long and as disagreeable as a siege, is over at last.”

“That is exactly the reason why I am glad, too, Milly; and once more he bent down, and met a quick glance shot from Milly’s eyes, half in fear, half in joy.

“Perhaps you are pleased, too, that Ethel is married,” she said, plucking at the laurustinus with pink finger-tips.

“Yes, I am very pleased. I have been your cousin’s confidant and friend a long while.”

“Have you indeed?” she said, and the plucking of the laurustinus grew a little savage.

“You know, Milly, I met her three or four years ago in Rome.”

“Ah, I know all about that,” interposed Milly, with a blush flying from one little ear to the other.

“Not quite all, I think,” he said, gravely. “I want to tell you, Milly, that I went to see her by my aunt Augusta’s wish, and with express orders from her to fall in love with her forthwith.”

“Which you did,” observed Milly, demurely, and down went the poor decapitated flower on the path.

“Which I did,” returned Lord Brimblecombe. “It would be dishonest to say I did not, and it would be equally dishonest to say I loved her with a real love.”

Milly’s eyes flashed on him curiously, and she walked on with a quicker step.

“I was very young,” continued Arthur, a little nervously, “and the halo of romance around Ethel dazzled me. Having heard from my aunt who she really was, I naturally felt a great interest in her, and I mistook this interest for a deeper feeling. You must bear in mind, too, Milly,” he added, laughing, “that being a youth of an amiable disposition, I was unwilling to disappoint your mother and all my family in their laudable desire to see the Hatherleigh and the Coryton estates made one; so I was rather ready to fancy myself in love. And you can imagine that the fascination and self-importance of a secret helped to add to my self-deception.”

“So it was a deception?” said Milly, opening her eyes wide.

“A deception at which I wondered very much when I got to Coryton,” he said. And somehow Milly’s hand and the broken stalk of laurustinus were in his hand now. “But it was not so cruel a deception, Milly, as one other which sprang up in my blundering mind.”

“Dear me!” returned Milly; and a smile peeped out from the corner of her mouth, then retired demurely in a little dimple, and vanished. “What a self-deceptive mind you seem to have!”

“Is it a self-deception, Milly, to think—to hope—”

But he did not finish his speech in words, for Milly’s face, like a flushed rose, dropped suddenly on her hands, and lifting it, he took his answer from her ripe lips.

Is there anything more to tell? Yes, Ethel never lived at Hatherleigh, never took that ancient name, nor claimed that old accumulated wealth. With her full concurrence and consent, Ralph declined to fulfill the conditions of the will, preferring to keep his own name, and choosing, as she had chosen, to cast in his lot with Lewis Hartrow. Through years of hard toil he and Hester had built up a fortune in the New World, as great as that inheritance in the Old, whose traditions, prejudices, and pride had caused such bitterness. It was a fortune, not of idleness, but of work, and this Lewis entreated them to share, saying it would be hard indeed if they forced him to return childless to his home.

They did not—they sailed for Australia with him and Mr. Spence, about three months after Lina’s death.

Mrs. Hatherleigh was left alone in the old mansion. She was silent and uncomplaining; but it was easy to see, by one glance on her worn face, that her last hold to this world had perished. She did not live long; she left Hatherleigh to her son Ernest, and after him to his eldest daughter. But long before this inheritance fell to Augusta, she had outraged all the fashionable proprieties by earning her own living as an authoress of some repute; and being independent, she wrote to Philip Dalton and told him she was on equal terms with him. He was a very lonely man now, and he knew Augusta loved him. He was not too proud to take her, though once he would not have believed that a husband could be happy with a wife unless she was dependent on him, and he had the power to sneer at her for that very dependence, and could give himself the pleasure of being cynical over her bills and his money.

If spirits can look down on this earth, poor Lina’s must have smiled sadly when she saw the children of her forsaken lover playing in the glades of Hatherleigh.

The old trapper lived a year or two with an odd bewilderment on his mind respecting gentry and poachers, otters, varmints, and ghosts. He could never understand how Ephraim’s name got carved on the old Druid altar. He had a lurking fear it was done by the “old catamaran,” who held his son shut up here till the Last Day. Thus the place had such a ghastly fascination for him, that he mounted the Tors constantly, and sat himself down among the Seven Sisters to gaze at the big word—EPHRAIM.

Wandering hither one dull, sultry evening in summer, he never returned again, and his daughters, who had sat waiting for him long into the night in vain, grew anxious, and went up to his lonely haunt to seek for him. He was lying among the Seven Altars dead, their weird shadows around him on the heath, and the moonlight shining down peacefully on his cold face. One sinewy hand lay beneath his head; the other, the right hand, that had drawn his drowned son from the river, was stretched across the mossy stone, on which the white letters, “Ephraim,” glittered ghostly in the darkness.

The two fallen blocks are called Ephraim and Job to this day, and the story of their lives and deaths heightens the gloom of the mighty Tors; and over all the wild and solitary valley there hovers a weird and haunted aspect, which throws a deeper shadow than of old upon the Seven Sisters.

THE END.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

CARBON in a state of white heat is the cause of luminosity of all ordinary flames.

PROFESSOR VERRILL, of New Haven, has just returned from an expedition to the Bay of Fundy. The greatest depth encountered in dredging, even as far as fifty miles from the coast, was not beyond 120 fathoms. Very large collections were made, many rare, and about sixty new pieces were discovered.

THERE has just been started in the city of Baltimore a society of fifty members, called “The Maryland Academy of Sciences.” It is intended to pay special attention to microscopy. The principal officers are Philip T. Tyson, President; John G. Morris, Vice-President; Edwin A. Dalrymple, Corresponding Secretary.

It is said that the following device, which has recently been used at the Lewiston (Me.) Mills, greatly economizes fuel. The coal to be burned is ground to a fine dust, which, together with air enough to produce instantaneous combustion, is carried by a blower into the furnace where it is to be used. The coal-dust leaps into flame like a flake of powder. It is claimed that this device saves thirty-three per cent. of the expense of making steam, and besides that, the steam can be generated in one-half the time needed when ordinary fuel is used in the ordinary way.

An artesian well has been sunk at St. Louis to the enormous depth of 3,843 feet. The strata penetrated consisted in the aggregate of 63 feet of clay, 6 feet of coal, 380 feet of shales, 2,725 feet of limestone, and 620 feet of sandstone. At the depth of 3,029 feet the first observation of temperature was taken, and the reading of the thermometer was 107 deg. F. The temperatures registered at lower depths, the deepest being 800 feet lower, were all, strange to say, somewhat lower than this, a circumstance which is all the more remarkable because the pressure (which tends to make the reading higher) must have increased with the depth. At the bottom, or rather at 3,837 feet, being 6½ feet from the bottom, the temperature indicated was 105 deg.

The cultivation of the cinchona (quinine) tree in India has proved successful. In the English hill settlement at Darjeeling, in the Himalayas, last year 5,000 pounds of bark were sent to London from cinchona trees planted in 1862 on one plantation. Tea produced, in 1869, 1,319,743 pounds from 10,769 acres of hill land formerly said and reputed to be worthless, and unsuited to give a return to Englishmen. We shall now hear of Indian bark as well as Peruvian. The cinchona trees are taking well in Jamaica. Experiments on the culture of American tobacco in India are being made by the Maharajah of Burchwan in Midnapore and Cuttack. The last year’s experiments with seeds from James River, Virginia, were very successful.

THE FOURTEEN SIEGES OF PARIS.

THE French correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes from Rouen, whither he has been forced to go from Paris:

“The French capital is standing its fourteenth siege, according to a paper published in the *Volontaire* under the title ‘*Fluctuat nec Mergitur*.’

“The first of these on record was in the year 53 A.C., when Lutetia, then confined to an island in the Seine, was attacked by the Roman Consul Labienus, and the inhabitants, abandoning the defense of the town, burned their houses and retired to the neighboring hills, where they were finally vanquished by the superior tactics of the legions.

“In A.D. 463, Childeric I., son of Meroveus, drove out the Romans, after an obstinate siege.

“In 845 the city was taken and pillaged by the Normans, enticed thither by the riches of the capital.

“In 856 they again attacked Paris, which was burned by its inhabitants.

“Five years later there was another incursion by the freebooters, who, however, found nothing worth taking.

“After this, the Parisians decided upon fortifying their town, but before the walls were completed, thirty thousand Normans encamped before them. The citizens, however, defended themselves manfully for more than a year, and the invaders were about to raise the siege, when Charles the First hoisted a white flag and capitulated, signing a disgraceful peace which cost him his throne.

“In 1358 the Dauphin laid siege to the town, but was unsuccessful, as was the King of England in 1359.

“In 1420 the English took Paris by assault, and held it for sixteen years. During this time it was attacked, in 1427, by Charles VII., who was repulsed by the garrison.

“In 1462 the Duke of Burgundy ravaged the country up to the very walls.

“In 1464 the Count of Charolais invested the city, and was defeated in several assaults. Alike unsuccessful was the army of Charles V. in 1566.

“Under Henry III. and Henry IV. the city sustained an ever memorable siege, capitulating, however, to the soldier of Navarre, after he had abjured Protestantism.

“Lastly, in 1814, it was given up, after a brief but gallant defense, to the allies. Then, as in every preceding instance, treason had much to do with the surrender of the capital; and this treason seems to have been confined exclusively to the middle and upper classes, who contended with each other for the honor of paying court and homage to the conquerors. The papers of 1814 tell of the gallantry of the workmen and students at the Barriere de Clichy, and of their sad silence as the foreigners marched in triumph through the streets; but they also tell how ribbons and flowers were showered down upon them in the wealthy quarters of the town, and how the women ran forward to kiss the hussars and Cossacks.”

CHAIRS.—There is no doubt (says an English journalist) that the form of chair in which Englishmen uncomfortably sit is capable of considerable improvement. In nearly every house there are one or two “easy” chairs, which implies that all the rest are uneasy. This should not be; and it is hoped that, at the Exhibition of 1871, chairmakers will try their skill, and show an easy chair capable of universal use, both as regards cost and formation. In order to give support to the back of a sitter, the chair should be convex, not concave, as now made. To sit comfortably, one has now to fill up the concavity of a chair with a cushion. Here, then, is the idea of the form of chair wanted.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

RISTORI thinks of going to California.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is recovering from his illness.

DR. VANGEROOD, Professor of Roman Law at the Heidelberg University, died October 11, aged sixty-two.

THEY are preparing to receive Bishop Henni in Milwaukee.

MISS CLARA BARTON is looking after the wounded at Strasburg.

THE Prince Imperial of Japan is taking piano lessons of a Yankee.

PIERRE JULES BAROCHE, formerly French Minister of Justice, is dead.

EDWARD A. POLLARD, author and journalist, is seriously ill at Lynchburg, Va.

VON MOLTKE, the genius of the Prussian victories, has been created a count.

MISS JENNIE COLLINS has established a club-room for the working-girls of Boston.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL will enter Rome on the 15th. He will occupy the Barberini Palace.

GOUNOD, his wife and two children, are living in the suburbs of London in the utmost privacy.

THE remains of General Lee will rest permanently in the chapel designed and erected by himself.

PRINCE POLIGNAC, one of Garibaldi’s officers, was formerly a brigadier in the Confederate army.

PROFESSOR HAMMOND is the newly-elected President of the State Historical Society of Iowa City Iowa.

GOVERNOR ALCORN, of Mississippi, has, it is authoritatively asserted, become a convert to Catholicism.

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE was a Swedenborgian, and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations.

THE son of Count Palikao was among the French prisoners taken at Sedan. He wears only seventeen decorations.

JOHN STANTON, a journalist, better known as “Corry O’Lanus,” died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 2d, aged thirty-eight years.

JOHN G. WHITTIER has been nominated for Congress by the Liquor Prohibitionists of the Fifth District, Massachusetts.

THE right name for Janauschek is Frautisvka Janonskova. She is a native of Bohemia, and her first education was a Czeskian one.

MISS IDA LEWIS, the heroine of Lime Rock Light, was married a few days since to Mr. William H. Wilson, of Black Rock, Conn.

AH SING, the foreman of the North Adams Chinamen, is one of the speakers at the Methodist State Convention in Charlestown, Mass.

It has been decided at a council of the British Cabinet to pardon O’Donovan-Rossa and the other Fenians held as prisoners in Ireland.

JUDGE BAILY, of Demopolis, Ala., was so affected by the news of the death of General Lee, that he died instantly while sitting in his chair.

A NEW Portuguese Cabinet has been formed under the Presidency of Avila. Bishop Vizzi is Minister of the Interior and Public Instruction.

ALTHOUGH Mr. John Bright has sufficiently recovered from his illness to return to London, he will not be able to attend Parliament this winter.

MR. JOSEPH MOZIER, an American artist, of Rome, Italy, died on the 3d of October, in Switzerland, while en route by St. Gothard Pass to his home.

FATHER BENSON, Superintendent of the Oxford Monastery, is about to sail with thirty of his brethren to found a monastery in this country.

KING WILLIAM, on the battle-field of Sedan, promoted two wounded sons of Count Bismarck, the one to be an ensign and the other a lieutenant.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, the author, who for many weeks had been lying seriously ill in a New York hospital, sailed for England a few days ago.

MR. O’CONNOR, the eminent scene-painter, has gone to Sedan to make sketches for some new piece that will, ere long, be placed on the London boards.

THE wife of Assistant Bishop Pinckney, of Maryland, made the clothes in which he was christened when a child. She is now eighty years of age, and he sixty.

ANNA GAGARIN, the daughter of a Moscow merchant, is the wealthiest heiress in Russia. Her prospective fortune is estimated at 100,000,000 roubles—about \$75,000,000.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the well-known American actress, whose early decease was recently predicted in Rome, has reached this country, suffering severely from a cancer.

GENERAL WILSON SHAEFER, recently appointed Governor of Utah Territory, died on the 31st ult., after a lingering attack of consumption, brought on from exposure in the army.

It is said, that on the day General Lee died, a large portrait of the General, which was hanging in the parlor of his house, fell to the floor, breaking the heavy frame surrounding it.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN, United States Geologist, has completed his explorations in Wyoming Territory, and his researches have been attended with greater success than previous ones.

THE Mayoress of Chester (England), Mrs. F. A. Dickson, has, in accordance with an old custom, been presented with a silver cradle, she having given birth to a boy during the mayoralty of her husband.

THE class of 1825 at Bowdoin College numbers thirty-seven. In that class were Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow, Abbot, Cheever, five Representatives in Congress, seven ministers, and eight noted lawyers.

COMMANDER BEARDSLEY, of the Palos, the first United States vessel through the Suez Canal, reports that any vessel not drawing over twenty-two feet and capable of quick steorage can go through the Suez Canal with safety.

REGRET is expressed at the attitude assumed by the Pope since the occupation of Rome. He maintains an appearance of distrust of the Italians, and remains secluded when his appearance in public would demonstrate his security, and render formal guarantees unnecessary.

Mrs. JESSIE RITCHIE, of Chicago, an estimable young Scotch lady, was one of the passengers on the ill-fated Cambria. When upon the eve of leaving New York, she wrote to her husband that were it not for being laughed at for her fears, she would not take passage on the vessel at all.





GERMANY.—TRANSPORTING HORSES BY RAILWAY FROM GERMANY TO THE FIELD OF ACTION IN FRANCE.

### THE PUNISHMENT OF COWARDS SCENE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

The French soldiers who, by their cowardice on the battle-field during a recent sortie, seriously compromised the safety of the force engaged, were marched through the streets of the city between two lines of troops, their hands bound behind them, their kepis and tunics

turned inside out, and on their breasts placards with this inscription: "Such a one (giving his name), a veritable coward, who abandoned his post in the presence of the enemy. All respectable people are invited to spit in his face."

Such a scene as this we illustrate in this week's number of our paper. This just measure has redounded greatly to the credit of General Trochu.

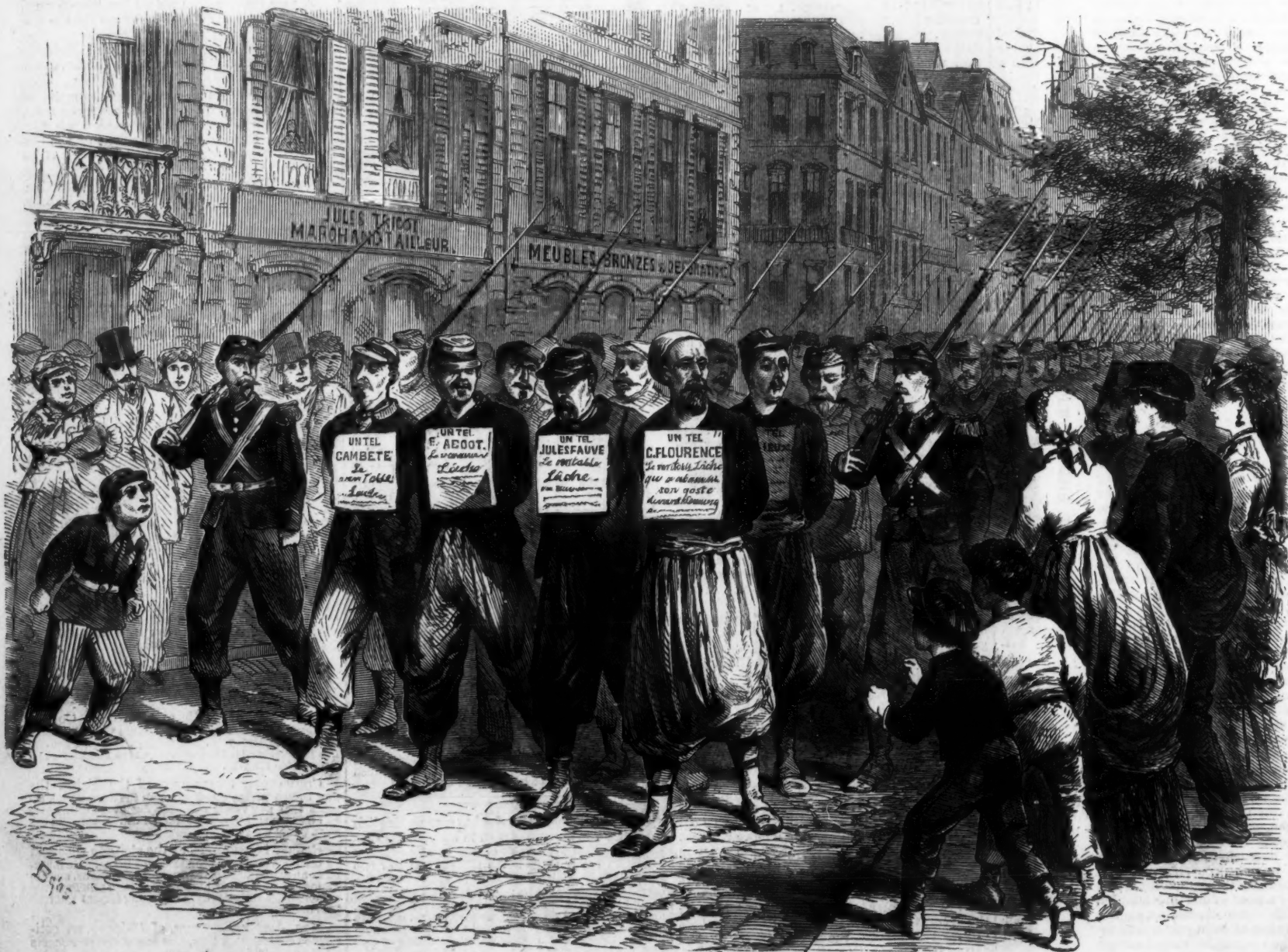
### TRANSPORTATION OF OFFICERS' HORSES.

The illustration shows the manner in which the horses of the superior officers of the German armies are transported from beyond the Rhine to France. The stalls are simply cross-bars. The railway "truck-car" is divided into compartments, in which are placed three horses, the centre of the platform being taken up with

saddles and the other equipments of the war-steed. As the stages are short the animals do not appear to lose flesh or courage, and when driven into camp are as fresh as when taken from their grazing fields.

### THE CITY OF METZ.

In previous issues of our journal, Metz and its fortifications have been fully described. The



FRANCE.—COWARDS IN THE FRENCH ARMY PLACARDED AND MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF PARIS BETWEEN TWO LINES OF TROOPS.



town at this time derives its chief interest from the fact—assuming the programme of Count Bismarck to have been fully carried out—that it is no longer a part of France. Prussia, it is understood, will only consent to a peace on the cession of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. And in these important departments are, besides other places of note, Strasbourg and Metz. Both are now, by capitulation, in the hands of the Germans. General Urich was forced, toward the close of September, to surrender the first-named town, with its garrison of seventeen thousand men; and the other day (Friday, October 28th) Marshal Bazaine capitulated with his army, numbering one hundred and seventy-three thousand soldiers and six thousand officers, four thousand cannon, and many thousand stands of arms, to Prince Charles of Prussia. Of course, now that the Germans are in military possession of Metz, and all the country lying between the Moselle and the borders of Germany, they are not disposed to retire from it. They insist that it is essential to the peace of Europe that Alsace and Lorraine should be annexed to Germany. To this the Government of the Republic demur, replying that, while they cannot consent to a limitation of the area of France, they are prepared to dismantle all the fortifications beyond the Moselle, and enter into a treaty of peace, offensive and defensive, with Prussia. But Prussia will listen to no terms that do not include her leading conditions, which are stated above. Indeed, it may be said that Alsace and Lorraine are already annexed to Germany. They are now governed civilly as well as militarily by German law, and the King of Prussia has even gone so far as to order that French soldiers taken prisoners, who originally belonged to these provinces, shall be separated from the others, and considered and treated as if they were Germans.

#### FRENCH PRISONERS IN BERLIN.

In our last issue we gave a page illustration of the arrival in Berlin of a railway train, in which were several hundred prisoners of war, all of whom were warmly received and hospitably entertained by the Berliners. It is unnecessary to repeat what we said therein. On leaving the carriages, the prisoners were ordered to march into an open space, where they were temporarily held until more permanent provision could be made for them. The French soldiers, including Zouaves, Turcos, soldiers of the line, etc., appeared to be quite at their ease, and enjoyed with gusto all the "goods sent them." When questioned as to result of the war, they were not disposed to admit the Germans were equal to them as soldiers; and declared, with great unanimity, that they were defeated solely because they were badly handled by their superior officers.

#### SANITARY FAIR AT STUTTGART.

On the declaration of war against Prussia by the Emperor Napoleon, the ladies in the different States of Germany, apparently without any preconcert of action, organized themselves into associations for the relief of the wounded and the sick in the field, and the sustenance, so far as it was possible or politic, of the poorer families in the Fatherland whose natural protectors and providers were called upon to enroll themselves in the Landwehr. The ladies of Stuttgart, one of the most pleasant of the cities of Wurtemberg, were particularly conspicuous in this direction. They immediately opened a Sanitary Fair, and have ever since, with an industry that is commendable, kept themselves busily employed in providing bandages, lint, underclothing, etc., for the sick and injured. Indeed, more than once have the surgeons detailed to the military hospitals declared that to the women of Germany, and particularly those of Stuttgart, is many a poor soldier indebted for his life. Our illustration depicts the ladies of Stuttgart arranging for the opening of their Sanitary Fair, and the preparation of necessities for the soldiers "beyond the Rhine."

BIRD-EYE VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF THE CITY OF METZ, FRANCE, PREVIOUS TO THEIR SURRENDER TO THE PRUSSIAN.





## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The best place for spinsters must be Ceylon, because all the men there are *Cingalese* (single men.)

Why is a pig with a twisted tail like the ghost in "Hamlet"? Because it could a tail unfold.

An old man is much easier to rob than a young one, for his locks are few, and his gait is generally broken.

When Paris was found to be too tight a place for the bank of France, the bank was taken to another place—Toulouse.

Since M. Gambetta, the French Minister of the Interior, escaped from Paris, he may be called the Minister of the Exterior.

As "riches are apt to take to themselves wings," we presume this is why some people are always *hawking* about them.

Mrs. ATKINSON, of Providence, thus sums up her three years' experience of married life: "The first year my husband called me 'my dear'; the second, 'Mrs. A.'; and the third year, 'old sorrel-top.' This last I could not stand."

A story is told of a boy who made twenty-five dollars recently by the sale of war maps to the Mormons. The next day, it is said, one of the sharpers of the purchasers discovered that he had bought one of the pattern sheets that accompany *Frank Leslie's Magazine*.

A case of feminine daring is related of a Virginia belle, who rode to the edge of a precipice and defied any man with whom she was riding to follow her. Not a man accepted the challenge; but a tantalizing youth stood on his head in his saddle, and dared the lady to do that.

Mrs. PARTINGTON, on reading an account of a schooner having her jib-boom carried away in Long Island one night, wondered "why people would leave such things out of doors to be stolen, there were so many burglars around filtering everything they could lay their hands to."

An Irish girl in Harrisburg, who was in the habit of soaping the dirty clothes before putting them to soak, on being told a few days since by her mistress to get a dried codfish and put it to soak for dinner, did so, after rubbing it over smartly with a good quantity of hard soap.

A GENTLEMAN sent a lad with a letter to the post-office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said: "Guess I've done the thing all right. I've seen a good many folks puttin' letters in the post-office through a hole, and so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing."

A CAPTAIN—one of the old school—being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner—a lady of rank—who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh," was the elegant reply, "never mind me, madame; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

A SAILOR, the other day, in describing his first efforts to become a waterman, said that just as the close of a dark night he was sent aloft to see if he could discern a light. After a short time, he was hailed from the deck with: "Masthead, ahoy!" "Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer. "Do you see a light?" "Yes, sir." "What light?" "Daylight, sir."

VAN NOSTRAND, the well-known and popular publisher, has just issued a very charming volume called "Pickett's Men," a fragment of War History. It is written by Walter Harrison, the able Inspector-General of Pickett's Division. All who love exciting adventures should read this volume.

NEARLY EVERY ADVERTISER, who makes advertising pay, contracts through a responsible Agency. Experience having taught them to avail themselves of the services of those who have made the business a study. The Agency of George P. Rowell & Co., No. 49 Park Row, New York, is the most competent in the country, and many of the largest advertisers make all their contracts through them.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST OF GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES tells how and where they are made, describes the different grades, and gives weight and quality of the cases, with prices of each. We send them by express to any part of the country, with bill to Collect on Delivery, with privilege to the purchaser to examine the Watch before paying. No risk is taken by those who buy of us, as every Watch is warranted to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. The prices of the Silver Watches range from \$16 upward, and the Gold Watches from \$70. When you write for a Price List, state that you saw this notice in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Address HOWARD & CO., 785 Broadway, New York. 789-92

To Cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

## FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of many others as to the superiority of my Wheeler & Wilson Machine over all others with which I am acquainted. During the twelve years I have had it, it has traveled many thousands of miles, accomplished a great deal of sewing, from the finest linen cambric to heavy broadcloth, and has never once been out of order. MRS. ANNIE TYNDAL, Middleburgh, Neb.

For Freckles, Tan, Moth-Patches, and Sallowness.

Use DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Prepared by him the past thirty-one years, and positively reliable, and warranted free from lead and all mineral astringents. To be had at Dr. Gouraud's old depot, 45 Bond St., N. Y., and dealers.

Lamb Family Knitting-Machines, 2 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK.

HARTSHORN'S SHADE ROLLERS.

At the principal Upholsterers'. No Cords or Balances used. Models and Price Lists sent to the Trade. 790-93. 63 Centre Street.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. 786-98

## NEW BOOKS, ETC.

MR. LESLIE announces that he will shortly publish for the holidays the handsomest book of the season, entitled

## Mountains and Lakes

OF SWITZERLAND AND ITALY,

Illustrated with sixty-four picturesque views, after original drawings by C. Pine, executed in the highest style of

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

This work has been two years in preparation. Its size will be small quarto, and the paper, thick as cardboard, of the finest quality.

TEXT BY THE REV. JEROME J. MERCIER.

NEARLY READY, AND SHORTLY WILL BE ISSUED,

THE BEST COOKERY BOOK EVER PUBLISHED, containing

Six Hundred Wood Engravings

AND

Seventy-Two Colored Illustrations,

Showing how to Cook, Dish Up, and Carve every known dish.

1140 PAGES, ELEGANTLY BOUND.

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK

OF

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT,

Containing information indispensable to the Mistress, the Housekeeper, Cook, Butler, Coachman, Valet, Kitchen, House, and Lady's Maid, as well as the Nurse, Nursemaid, and every other Domestic; also Sanitary, Medical, and Legal Memoranda for the guidance of our daily business, with a history of the origin, properties, and uses of all things connected with Home Life, Welfare, and Comfort.

By MRS. ISABELLA BEETON.

This is not only the most perfect and comprehensive Cookery Book ever prepared, but contains a mass of valuable information useful to every household.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

## LATEST IMPORTED TRICK NOVELTIES.

Magic Money Box, \$1; Magic Imp Bottle, \$1; Magic Cannon, \$1; Magic Segar Case, \$3; Magic Two-Cent Box, \$1.50; The Three Magic Babies, \$2; Magic Wedding Rings, \$1.50; Magic Money Tilt, \$1.50; Magic Bag and Egg, \$1.50; Magic Invisible Finger, \$1; Magic Barrel, \$1.50; Comical Donkey, \$1; Magic Photographs, five assorted packages, \$1. Full directions sent with each trick.

## GOOD BOOKS.

Five Hundred Puzzles, 40c.; Parlor Tricks, 40c.; Tableaux, 40c.; Dialogues, 40c.; Comic Speeches, 40c.; 1,400 Conundrums, 40c.; Fortune-Teller, 25c.; Courtship Made Easy, 25c.; Bridal Etiquette, 25c.; Correct Letter-Writer, 25c.; True Marriage Guide, 50c.; How to Win a Sweetheart or Lover, 40c.; Correct Etiquette, 25c.; Comic Jokes, 25c. Books and Tricks sent, postage paid, by W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

## ON THE USES OF WINES IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

BY FRANCIS E. ANSTIE, M.D.F.R.C.P., Editor of *The London Practitioner*. In one vol. Paper. Price 50 cts. Sent prepaid. J. S. REDFIELD, 140 Fulton St., N. Y.

## LUXURIOUS SLEEPING!

## Elastic Sponge BEDDING.

No Insects! No Dust! No Packing!

THE

Cleanest, Sweetest, Most Durable and Economical

IN USE.

References Furnished from the Most Prominent People in the City.

Every good housewife should call and examine the goods at our salesrooms, 524 Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Circulars and samples furnished on application to AMERICAN PATENT SPONGE CO., 524 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

\$250 A MONTH, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circulars and Samples, free. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. 782-607

ABRAHAM BININGER, (OF LATE FIRM OF A. BININGER & CO.,) Commission Merchant, No. 39 BROAD STREET. WINES, LIQUORS, Etc., Etc.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEXT WEEK WILL BE PUBLISHED No. 1, price Ten Cents, of

## FRANK LESLIE'S MODENWELT.

a superbly gotten-up weekly paper for the ladies, printed in the

GERMAN LANGUAGE,

containing SIXTEEN PAGES, filled with exquisite engravings, illustrating the latest styles in

FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK.

This beautiful paper is edited by several ladies of TASTE AND REFINEMENT,

who will give special attention to everything which appertains to the wardrobe of ladies and children, to family workmanship and amusements.

It is intended that this paper shall be complete in all its departments.

NO. 1 OF

FRANK LESLIE'S MODENWELT

WILL CONTAIN UPWARD OF

SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

of the Latest Styles now in vogue in the Great Centres of Fashion; also, a large

Pattern Sheet,

containing numerous Models, so that ladies can

CUT THEIR OWN GARMENTS.

Besides the Fashion Department, the paper will contain

EIGHT PAGES OF CHOICE LITERATURE,

consisting of Tales, Sketches of Travel, Biography, and other useful and entertaining matter, all

Illustrated in the Highest Style of Art.

## EVERY LADY

who speaks or reads the German language should subscribe at once for this beautiful paper.

For sale at all News Depots, or send the following amounts to the publisher and you will receive this beautiful paper punctually every week:

Single numbers ..... 10 cents.  
Three months ..... \$1 00.  
Six months ..... 2 00.  
One year ..... 4 00.  
Two copies, one year ..... 7 00.

Five copies, one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to the person getting up the club.

Specimen copies will be sent by mail to any person writing for one.

Address FRANK LESLIE, Publisher, 537 Pearl street, New York.

## PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

## Franco-German War.

Shortly will be published from this office, in the German Language, a

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

History of the Great War between Germany and France, in which will be introduced

Large and Accurate Engravings

of every

EVENT OF IMPORTANCE

which has transpired since the

## EMPEROR NAPOLEON

declared war against Prussia. It will include pictures of the battle-fields of Saarbrück, Woerth, Welschburg, Sedan, Metz, etc., etc.

The text of the book will be historically accurate; and the whole will form a handsome work of reference.

FRANK LESLIE, 537 PEARL STREET.

## A NEW NOVEL

BY

ANNIE THOMAS:

## MY FATHER'S WIFE;

OR,

ONE FALSE STEP REQUIRES ANOTHER.

A new and original novel, by Annie Thomas, author of "Dennis Donnie," "High Stakes," "The Dower House," etc., etc., will begin in No. 237 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER (for which paper it has been expressly written), ready November 14.

To readers of the purest and best style of English fiction such a novel needs no commendation. It is full of interest and well-drawn character.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER is on sale every Monday at all news depots. Single copies, 10 cents; subscription, \$4 a year.

## DRYGOODS.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Invite the inspection of their friends and the public of the arrangements now completed for the Fall and Holiday Season at their popular Bazaar, Sixth Ave. and Twenty-first St.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 200 ps. Rich Black Satins, \$1.50; worth \$2. 200 ps. Colored Satins, \$2; worth \$2.75. 200 ps. Colored Satins, \$2.25; worth \$3—extra rich.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Ponson's Real Lyons Cloak Velvets, \$10. 100 ps. best Velvet in the market at \$13—real Lyons goods, and full cloak width. 1,000 ps. Colored Bonnet Velvets, \$1.25; and \$1.50. Real Bargains at \$2 per yard.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 20 cs. Splendid Velveteens, containing 20 boxes each, \$1—from late auction sale. 20 cs. Velveteens, containing 25 boxes each, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Real Bargains at \$2 per yard.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 10 cs. Superior Black Alpaca, at 37c. 10 cs. Beautiful Black Alpaca, 50c. 10 cs. Very Rich Black Alpaca, 62c. All worth from 30 to 40 per cent. more.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Ladies' Poplin and Plaid Suits, cheap; Orpington and Swiss Evening Dresses, Ball Costumes, Walking Suits, Morning Wrappers, every description of Ladies' and Children's Garments.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 200 Cartons gros grain Sash Ribbons, \$1; 1,000 ps., all color, rich Sash Ribbons, 85c.; 1,000 doz. Real Point Applique Lace Ties, 75c., \$1, and \$1.25; worth \$1, \$1.00 and \$3.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 1,000 doz. pure Linen Table Napkins, \$1; 1,000 doz. pure Linen Towels, \$1.50; worth \$2; 8-4 White Satin Table Damask, 75c.; Sheetings, Shirtings, Flannels, Muslins, etc.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. Real Morocco Pocketbooks at 50c., embroidered inside, and worth \$1.50. Also, Lubin's genuine Perfumery, 80c. per bottle; Real Lubin's Powders, 25c. per quarter pound.

ALTMAN BROS. & CO., Sixth Avenue. 300 doz. French China Card Savers at \$2—retailing elsewhere at \$4 to \$5; Gilt and Jet Jewelry in every variety, bargains. Ladies' Hat Ornaments in latest styles.

ALTMAN BROS., 331 & 333 Sixth Ave.

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION. New Styles of Trimmed Bonnets, Hats at Bargains.

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION. Heavy 26-inch Black All Silk Cloak Velvet at \$8.75; worth \$13—a special bargain. Black Silk Velvet, cut bias, at \$1.70.

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION. Real Humming-Birds, 50c. Long Blk. Ostrich Plumes at 75c. Blk. Single Quill Tips at 50c.

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION. Real Felt Hats at \$1.50—sold all over at \$2.25. Blk. Velvet Hats, any style, at 50c.; worth \$1. Misses' Blk. Velvet Hats, 40c.; worth \$1.

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION. A new lot of our celebrated Marquis Gloves at \$1.25; worth \$1.75. A new lot of our Stitched Gloves at \$1.15; worth \$1.50. Also Bargains in Undergarments, Hosiery, Real Gulpure Laces, Dress and Cloak Trimmings, etc.,

ATEHRICH'S TEMPLE OF FASHION, 287 8th Ave., bet. 24th & 25th Sts.

## GENUINE FURS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. respectfully call special attention to their choice stock of

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FINE FURS.

Broadway, corner 19th Street.

GENTLEMEN'S and YOUTHS' Furnishing Department.

Fall and Winter Undergarments, Hosiery of Every Description, Robes de Chambre, Breakfast and Smoking Jackets, Flannel Traveling Shirts, Shawls and Rugs, Cravats, Ties and Scarfs, Emb'd and Plain Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Kid, Buck and Dogskin Gloves,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

N.B.—Shirts, Collars and Cuffs to order.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY, CORNER 19TH STREET.

## TO THE LADIES.

IF YOU DESIRE TO USE THE BEST SPOOL COTTON

For Your Sewing-Machines,

ASK FOR

CLARK'S O. N. T.

AND TAKE NO OTHER.



DRYGOODS.

Go to O'Neill's,  
329 SIXTH AVENUE,

FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH ROUND HATS.

All Shapes Silk Velvet Hats, \$2.50.  
Finest quality Felt Hats, only \$1.58; worth \$2.40.

Go to O'NEILL'S for  
THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF  
OSTRICH PLUMES,  
OSTRICH TIPS,  
FANCY FEATHERS,  
FINEST GOODS IMPORTED,  
FRENCH FLOWERS,  
NATURAL ROSES.

Go to O'NEILL'S for  
Sash Ribbons, selling off below cost.  
100 Cartons 7-inch Black Ribbons, 80c.; worth \$1.  
50 Cartons Roman Sash Ribbons, \$1; worth \$1.50.  
Complete Assortment of Gros Grain.

Go to O'NEILL'S for  
Velvets for Dress Trimmings.  
100 Pieces Black Silk Velvet, \$1.50 to \$1.85 per yard.  
Extra Fine Black Silk Velvet, \$2.50 and \$2.70.  
All shades of Colored Velvets.

Go to O'NEILL'S for  
Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.35; worth \$1.75.  
All new shades.

Black Crapes, cut bias.  
Thread Lace, Fine French Laces.  
Nets of all kinds.

Call and see our prices.  
All Goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 329 Sixth Av.,  
Between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets.

MYERS,

785 Broadway, cor. 10th street, op. A. T. Stewart & Co.

KID GLOVES,  
KID GLOVES.

New Shades and Styles, from \$1 upwards.

FANCY CUFFS, 2 BUTTONS, \$1.25 to \$2.25.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH JET GOODS.

FANS,  
FANS.

Ladies' Dress Caps and Head-Dresses,

Laces, Corsets, and Ladies' Undergarments,

HUMAN HAIR GOODS,

CHIGNONS,

CHATELAINES AND BRAIDS.

The Newest Styles at Low Prices, at 785 Broadway  
corner Tenth Street.

790-960W

Upholstery Goods Department.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.  
have now open

Furniture Coverings, Curtain Materials,  
Lace and Nottingham Curtains,  
Gilt and Black Walnut Cornices, Shades, etc.  
ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES, JUST RECEIVED.

BROADWAY, CORNER 19TH STREET.

Wanted---Agents  
\$75 to \$250 per month, everywhere,  
to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED  
COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.  
This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt,  
cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most super-  
ior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and  
warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for  
any machine that will sew a stronger, more beau-  
tiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes  
the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch  
can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled  
apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from  
\$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commis-  
sion from which twice that amount can be made.  
Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pitts-  
burgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill.  
788-800

\$3 Watch! \$3 Watch!  
THE GREAT EUROPEAN

Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.  
HAVE APPOINTED

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., JEWELERS,  
561 Broadway, New York,  
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S.

And have authorized them to sell their great  
EUREKA ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES for Three Dol-  
lars, and to warrant each and every one to keep cor-  
rect time for one year. This Watch we guarantee to  
be the best and cheapest timekeeper that is now in  
use in any part of the globe. The works are in  
doubtless cases, Ladies' and Gents' size, and are beau-  
tifully chased. The cases are made of the metal now  
so widely known in Europe as Aluminum Gold. It  
has the exact color of Gold, which it always retains;  
it will stand the test of the strongest acids; no one  
can tell it from Gold only by weight, the Aluminum  
Gold being one-fourth lighter. The works are all  
made by machinery, the same as the well-known  
American Watch. We pack the Watch safely in a  
small box, and send it by mail to any part of the  
United States on receipt of \$3.50; fifty cents for pack-  
ing and postage. A key is sent free with each Watch.  
Money should be sent by Post-Office Money Order, or  
in a Registered Letter. Address all orders and com-  
munications to

J. F. WILLIAMS & CO., Jewelers,  
790-3 561 Broadway, New York.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

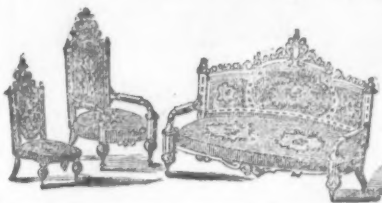
THE NOVELTY JOB  
PRINTING PRESS is the  
best present that can be made  
to any boy or girl. It is the  
best Press ever made with  
which to Do Your Own  
Printing, and second to  
none for the use of General  
Job Printers. They are  
most admirably adapted for  
BUSINESS Printing, for Church, Sabbath  
School, and Society work, and also for Mission-  
ary and Educational purposes, or for a Village  
Newspaper and Job Office. Price of Presses,  
\$15, \$30, \$50.  
Send for Catalogue with testimonials and specimens  
of plain and colored printing done on the press, to  
BENJ. O. WOODS, manufacturer, 351 Federal St., Bos-  
ton, Mass.; Chris. C. Thurston, 16 College Place, New  
York; Kelly, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Phila-  
delphia; A. C. Kellogg, 65 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.  
790-92-eow

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

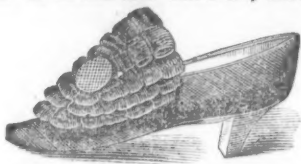
Furniture, Carpets,

Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

Spring Beds, Etc.,

of any house in the United States, which they offer at  
Retail and Wholesale prices.

NUNNS & SEIL,  
349 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S  
FRENCH BOOTS AND SHOES.  
Special attention given to custom work.

"Our Home" Laundry.

PUNCTUALITY AND EXCELLENCE.  
21 AMITY STREET.

Lace Curtains, Gentlemen's and Ladies' Wear, etc.,  
etc., done up in a superior style. Goods sent for and  
delivered. Orders will receive prompt attention.

YOU WANT IT!

THE TOLEDO BLADE is the best family  
newspaper published anywhere. Parson NASBY'S  
great story *Paul Denman; a Tale of the Great Re-  
bellion*, just commenced, and will be concluded this  
year. Terms—\$3 a year, 5 copies \$1.75 each, 10  
copies \$1.50 each. Three months (which will include  
all of NASBY'S story), 50 cents, five copies \$2.50,  
ten copies \$4, and an extra copy to getter up of club.  
Specimen copies sent free. Send for one, and give  
us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends, at  
different Post Offices, to whom we will send free  
specimen copies. Address,  
MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,  
Toledo, Ohio.

789-90

E. BAKER & CO.,  
40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Foreign and Native Still and  
Sparkling Wines.

CORDIALS, FRENCH LIQUEURS, CURACAO, ANI-  
SETTE, ABSINTHE, GRANDE  
CHARTREUSE, ETC.

THE BEST AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley),

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

Modern and Antique Furniture, Bronzes  
China, and Articles of Vertu.

A GREAT OFFER!!

MORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, New York, will  
dispose of one hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Or-  
gans of six first-class makers, including Chickering &  
Sons, at extremely low prices, for cash, during this  
month, or will take from \$4 to \$20 monthly until  
paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if pur-  
chased.

MAGIO Photographs. Wonderful and Amusing.  
25 cents a package. Library of Love, 50 cents.  
Send to W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

ESTD. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' 1809.

SAPOLIO,  
For General

Household Purposes,  
IS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN SOAP.

\$100 to 250 per month guaranteed. Sure  
pay, to all ambitious men and  
women selling our world-renowned Patent Silver Mold  
White Wire Clothes Lines. Business permanent. For  
full particulars, address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS,  
Philadelphia, Pa. 794-790-eow

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY  
OF CUBA.

Conducted by the SPANISH GOV-  
ERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD.  
Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes  
paid in Gold, and information fur-  
nished. The highest rates paid for  
Doubletons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also  
for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,  
16 Wall St., N. Y.

\$1,800 IN CASH

Can be made easy, without capital, in six months, by  
either lady or gentleman. Respectable employment.  
Enclose 10 cents for samples. Address P. O. Box  
3,696, New York. G. E. ALZORA, M.D.

VINEGAR. How made from Ci-  
der Wine, Molasses, or  
Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circular,  
address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Ct.  
778-829

Local Agents Wanted.

I want a local agent in every town and  
village in the country to canvass for the  
WESTERN WORLD. A Magni-  
ficent \$5 Premium Steel Engraving  
to every subscriber. From \$1 to \$10  
can be easily made in an evening. Liberal  
cash commission allowed. Send stamp  
for SPECIMENS AND PRIZE CIRCULAR.  
JAMES R. ELLIOTT, Boston, Mass.  
790-93

Newspaper  
Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately  
issued, contains a list of the best American  
Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circula-  
tions, and full particulars concerning the  
leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family  
Newspapers, together with all those having  
large circulations, published in the interest of  
Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c.  
Every Advertiser, and every person who con-  
templates becoming such, will find this book  
of great value. Mailed free to any address on  
receipt of fifteen cents. GEO. P. ROWELL  
& CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York.  
The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader, in its issue of May 29,  
1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which  
issues this interesting and valuable book, is the  
largest and best Advertising Agency in the  
United States, and we can cheerfully recommend  
it to the attention of those who desire to advertise  
their business scientifically and systemati-  
cally in such a way: that is, so to secure the  
largest amount of publicity for the least ex-  
penditure of money."

FRANK LESLIE'S



A NEW VOLUME

of the CHIMNEY CORNER has just begun with such  
an array of attractions as must convince all lovers  
of good stories and splendid illustrations that it is,  
above all and beyond all,

THE PAPER for the DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

In the new volume begin two of the best con-  
tinued stories of the day:

NO. 1.

MY FATHER'S WIFE;

OR,

One False Step Requires Another.

A new and original novel, written expressly for the  
"CHIMNEY CORNER," by Annie Thomas, author of  
"Dennis Donne," "High Stakes," "Dover House,"  
etc., etc., and recognized as one of the best writers of  
fiction in England. It is a novel of social life, power-  
ful and full of character, unraveling one of those  
dramas that are so often enacted within those do-  
mestic walls where all seems happiness and enjoy-  
ment.

To the thousands who have read and enjoyed her  
previous novels, we need make no further comment.

NO. II.

THE TOAD GIRL.

A remarkably clever novel, by the well-known author  
of "A Living Lie," will surpass that popular story in  
its dramatic vigor and intense interest. Every char-  
acter is lifelike, and strange as some may appear,  
they are well sustained, show no exaggeration, and  
win a way to our interest and sympathy.

OUR SHORT STORIES

will be of the highest order, and no volume will show  
a greater variety of tales of passion, adventure, love,  
humor, or pathos.

Besides this, the CHIMNEY CORNER abounds in  
interesting and instructive matter: Travels, Manners  
and Customs, Biographies of Self-made Men, of the  
great Men of the Past, Anecdotes of Courage, Heroism  
and Adventure, Natural History in its interesting and  
attractive forms, Games, Puzzles, and other special  
matter for the young, with Essays for all ages.

CHIMNEY CORNER GIFT PLATES.

With the early numbers of the Twelfth Volume  
we give, gratis, a series of chromo-lithographs such  
as have never been equaled on this side of the At-  
lantic. They will be appreciated everywhere, as the  
subjects are such as speak to all, and such as will be  
enjoyed in every family circle, by old and young, while  
the excellent execution heightens the charm.

With No. 288, which appears November 21st,

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

With No. 289, issued November 28th,

THE DONKEY'S BREAKFAST.

With No. 290, issued December 5,

"DON'T BE IMPATIENT, CHILDREN."

With No. 291, issued December 12,

"I HAVE SEEN WORSE-LOOKING GIRLS THAN  
THAT."

With the New Year a new and deeply interesting  
Novel by PIERCE EGAN will be commenced.

Single numbers 10 cents—\$4 a year. Sent to any  
address for three months for \$1.  
Ready every Monday at all News Depots.

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP.  
With age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will  
receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your  
future husband or wife, with name and date of mar-  
riage. Address W. Fox, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fulton-  
ville, N. Y. 782-940

EIGHT SUPERBLY-COLORED  
Chromo-Lithographs,

FULLY EQUAL TO THE FINEST

OIL PAINTINGS.

THE SUBJECTS ARE:

"MY LITTLE DEARY."

"TAKE IT ALL, GREEDY."

"A HUNGRY STOMACH HAS NO EARS."

"NOW, BABY, DEAR, HURRY TO SCHOOL!"

"SO IT WANTS TO STAY WITH MAMMA—WON'T  
GO TO BED, EH?"

"HOLD FAST, CHARLEY, DEAR."

"WHAT! NOT READY YET?"

"ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE, EVER OF THEE  
I AM FONDLY DREAMING."

Forming a complete Picture Gallery of themselves.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY ALMANAC,

which is nearly ready, will contain the above eight  
superb Chromo-Lithographs, besides the following  
exquisite engravings (full page):

A VIRGINIAN FARMER GOING TO THE MILL.

SALT WORKS AT SYRACUSE.

TRAVELERS LOST IN THE SNOW.

SCENE ON THE OVERLAND.

ICHABOD AND KATRINA.

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

ENCAMPMENT ON THE PLAINS.

MONUMENT CREEK—PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE GIANT'S CLUB.

LADY GODIVA RIDING THROUGH COVENTRY.

TROUT FISHING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

CATARACT IN NEW GRENADA.

And fifty other beautiful engravings, besides a variety  
of useful information, and twelve Calendars, with  
illustrated headpieces.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSMEN.

\$10 A DAY—Business entirely new. Circulars free.  
Address J. C. RAND & CO., Bideford, Me.

\$30 PER WEEK. Agents wanted in  
every town. Samples free. Address C. W.  
DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y. 783-95

A HANDSOME FULL-GILT PHOTO-  
graph Album, holding 20 full-size Pictures,  
mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents; 5 for \$1; \$2.25 per  
dozen. Circulars free. Address CHARLES S. RILEY,  
Holland, N. Y. 788-807

STAMMERING cured by BATES' APPLI-  
ANCES. For description, address SIMPSON &  
Co., Box 5,076, N. Y.

A Musical Box for \$2.

The French great sensation; novelty, cheapness,  
durability, in a highly polished case, metallic tongues,  
brilliant in tone; of the best construction, with the  
most recent improvements; new pattern. Eight se-  
lect airs, eminently adapted for the drawing-room  
table. Guaranteed of the best workmanship and per-  
formance. Thousands sold monthly. No. 1, 8 tunes,  
\$2; No. 3, 14 tunes, \$3; No. 4, 24 tunes, \$5. Sent  
free by mail on receipt of price. Send stamp for illu-  
strated catalogue with list of tunes. Try none other.  
Address WM. BROOKS & CO.,  
788-91 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

\$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents.  
Samples free. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.  
782-94

WANTED AGENTS. — At \$95 per  
month to sell my patent for making Apple  
Butter without apples or cider. It costs only seven  
cents a quart, and can be made in thirty minutes.  
Send 10 cents for sample, particulars, and to insure  
employment. Address G. GEHR, Shermansdale, Pa.  
787-90

\$16 for \$5.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is a  
First-Class Family Magazine, devoted to Phrenol-  
ogy, Ethnology, Physiology, and Education.  
TERMS—\$3 a year; single numbers, 30 cents. To  
all who subscribe at once, sending 20 cents extra for  
mailing, one of PRANG'S celebrated Chromos, "The  
Doctor," published at \$5, will be sent free.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION, edited by HENRY  
WARD BEECHER, \$3 a year; the "JOURNAL," \$3;  
"The Doctor," \$5, and "Marshall's Engraving of  
Washington," \$5, will all be sent to new subscribers  
for \$5. 20 cents extra for mailing. Send at once to  
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y. 780-90

50,000 Boys and Girls

WANTED, one in every neighborhood, to act as agent  
for our Bright Side, Juvenile Books, Pictures, and  
other novel and useful articles. Good pay in cash,  
and permanent employment for leisure hours.  
[780-92] JOHN B. ALDEN & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

I WAS CURED OF DEAFNESS AND  
Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the  
receipt free.  
MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.  
790-92-eow

"HA! HA! HA!" SHOUTS OUR  
jolly friend as the buttons fly from reading  
"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER." The  
"Banner" is a 40-column, 8-page, Ledger-size paper,  
overflowing with Wit, Humor, Fun, Poetry, Sketches,  
Exposures of Swindling, etc., etc. 8 years established.  
You can secure a splendid new Engraving, "The  
Pioneers of America," 14x22 feet, and the Paper till  
1872 for only 75 cents. Specimens for Stamp.  
Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER,"  
Hinsdale, N. H.



**C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS**

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**Seal Sacques**

At \$85, \$95, and \$110.

**Astrakan Sacques**

At \$40, \$50, and \$60.

ALL OF THEIR BEST MANUFACTURE, OF THE

Newest Patterns and Finish.

502 and 504 BROADWAY.

HARVEY FISK. OF THE A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

**Fisk & Hatch,**  
BANKERS,

AND

Dealers in Government Securities,  
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,

New York, November 5, 1870.

**THERE IS NOW A CLEAR PROFIT** of twenty per cent. in an exchange of United States 5-20 bonds for the Central Pacific Railroad bonds—in other words, for every \$5,000 of the former there may be obtained \$6,000 of the latter bonds, bearing the same rate of interest (5 per cent. in coin), not subject to be called in for twenty-five years, and founded upon a security sufficient to satisfy the most critical investors.

The Central Pacific Railroad is one of the most prominent and productive lines on the continent—its revenues are large, certain, and constantly increasing, as is shown by the following statement of its earnings since its beginning:

	Gross.	Op. Expenses.	Net.
1865.....	\$401,941 92	\$121,669 53	\$280,272 39
1866.....	864,917 87	300,710 61	664,206 96
1867.....	1,470,658 80	430,913 33	1,139,745 17
1868.....	2,300,767 17	843,166 54	1,457,600 63
1869.....	5,070,522 25	2,993,523 19	2,677,299 08

The earnings of the main line for the current year will exceed \$3,000,000, and are as follows:

January.....	\$413,104 41	June.....	\$729,274 46
February.....	394,176 47	July.....	784,099 64
March.....	488,332 91	August.....	807,815 68
April.....	633,758 06	September.....	833,412 50
May.....	768,719 77		

Its securities have a ready and active market, both in this country and in Europe. They can always be converted into money as readily as the bonds of the Government, and their stability and safety are thoroughly established and universally recognized.

Having originally negotiated these bonds, and knowing their value, we make a specialty of dealing in them, as in Government securities, and have no hesitation in recommending them to our friends and customers contemplating investments for the exchange of Five-Twenties.

**FISK & HATCH.**

1,500 DISTRESSING CASES OF

**CONSUMPTION**

Cured without medicine. A grateful mother will cheerfully send the remedy free to any one afflicted. Address Mrs. C—, care General Wilcox, Cohoes, N. Y. [788-910]

**Mathematical Instruments**

AND DRAWING MATERIALS,

such as Dividers, Bow Pens, Drawing Pens, Surveying Compasses, Transits, Levels, Chains, Tape Measures, Drawing Papers, etc. Made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN &amp; CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 116 Pages Sent on Application.

782-94 cowa

**OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS**

such as Spectacles, Magnifying Lenses, Microscopes, from 50c. to \$600. Microscopic Preparations, Telescopes, Spy Glasses, Opera Glasses, Field Glasses, etc. Made and for sale by

JAMES W. QUEEN &amp; CO.,

924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

No. 5 Dey St., New York.

Catalogues of 60 Pages Sent on Application.

782-94 cowa

**DOOLEY'S**  
THE YEAST BEST  
**POWDER**  
TRY IT. SOLD BY GROCERS.

SCHUETZE &amp; LUDOLFF,

452 Broome Street, 452

Sell their Celebrated

PATENT MONITOR PLATE PIANO, the best in the market, from now till February, with a deduction of 25 per cent. Pianos to let at easy terms.

789-900-0

**45,000** Now in Use! Geo. A. Prince & Co's ORGANS and MELODEONS will be delivered in any part of the United States reached by Express (where they have no agent), free of charge, on receipt of list price.

Send for Price Lists and Circulars.

Address GEO. A. PRINCE &amp; CO., Buffalo, N. Y.,

or GEO. A. PRINCE &amp; CO., Chicago, Ill.

11-0

**WANTED—AGENTS (\$30 per day)** to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed, makes the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully Homestead. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEEORE."

Terrible fright of La Grande Nation, who, on looking in the mirror one fine morning in August, finds his face changed.

**150,000 Acres of Land for Sale.**

**THE Mc GREGOR AND MISSOURI RIVER RAILWAY COMPANY** offer 150,000 acres of land for sale, at \$5 to \$10 per acre, in lots of forty acres and upward, situated in the counties of Howard, Cerro Gordo, Kossuth, Hancock, Palo Alto, Pocahontas and Lyon, in Northern Iowa, on the line of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, McGregor and Missouri River, and the Des Moines Valley Railroads. SOIL, rich black loam. LANDS, high rolling prairie, not subject to overflow. WATER abundant. TITLE from the U. S. Government. TERMS—7 per cent. per annum interest, and 10 per cent. per annum of the principal; or, if the purchaser improves the land, no payment for two years is required, except the taxes. CLIMATE, the best in the world. For Maps, Pamphlets, or other information, apply to

O. E. PALMER, Agent, Algona, Kossuth County, Iowa.

**FRANG'S Latest Publications:** "LAKE GEORGE," "WEST POINT," "JOY OF AUTUMN," "PRAIRIE FLOWERS." FRANG'S Chromos, sold in all respectable Art Stores throughout the world.

FRANG'S Illustrated Catalogue sent free, on receipt of stamp, by L. FRANG & CO., Boston.

**THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF A TRUNK RAILROAD IN NEW YORK STATE,**

PAYING 7 PER CENT. IN GOLD, ARE OFFERED AT PAR. THE NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD, which will be 400 miles in its total length from New York to Oswego, including the Auburn branch, has 150 miles of road already completed and in profitable operation on the Northern section, extending from the City of Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. Work is being vigorously pushed on other portions of the line; and it is the expectation of the Company to have at least 100 miles more in operation before the close of the present season.

**THE LOCAL BUSINESS**

is already large, and the Company has just concluded a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for transporting the coal of that large and wealthy corporation to the northern sections of the State. This will add so largely to the business and profits of that section of the road, already controlling the local trade of one of the most populous and fertile districts of the State, that its net earnings, without the aid of through business, can hardly be less than 7 per cent. on its entire cost, which is 100 per cent. in excess of the interest of its bonds.

**A STRONG POINT**

in regard to these bonds, is the fact that the issue is strictly limited to \$20,000 per mile of finished road, and BEHIND THE BONDS IS A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF NEARLY \$7,000,000, which affords ample guarantee of the financial strength of the Company.

**THE BONDS.**

They are issued in denominations of \$1,000; may be either coupon or registered, at the option of the purchaser; bear seven per cent. gold interest, free of income tax, payable on the 1st of January and July in New York city, and have twenty-five years to run to maturity.

The popularity of these bonds as a perfectly safe security, bearing the highest rate of interest authorized by the laws of New York, payable in gold coin, free of Government tax, has kept the supply nearly exhausted; but the recent and early future completion of additional sections will for a time furnish a liberal supply, to which we respectfully invite the attention of investors, in the confident belief that no better security can be found on the market.

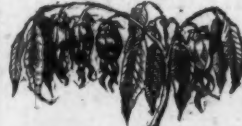
**PRICE, PAR AND ACCRUED INTEREST IN CURRENCY.**

Governments and other current securities taken on exchange.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO., Bankers, No. 25 Nassau St., New York.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.****RIMMEL'S 52 EXTRACTS**  
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Trade Mark.



IHLANG-IHLANG,  
VANDA,  
WHITE ROSE,  
GRANDE DUCHESSE,  
JOCKEY CLUB,  
GUARDS,  
CHINESE BOUQUET.

RIMMEL, Perfumer, Paris and London.

EDWARD GREY & CO.,  
38 Vesey street, New York, Sole Agents for the U. S.



**THE ONLY GENUINE DOMESTIC** Extract. Better and cheaper than all others. A. GLANZ, 194 William St., N. Y., Sole Agent.

**WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE** contains in every number one complete prize story valued at \$100. Forty pages of other matter. Yearly \$1. Sold by News-dealers at 10 cts. per copy. Splendid premiums, \$500 cash to be awarded for prize clubs. Specimen copy free. 787-860 Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N. Y.

**\$60 A WEEK PAID AGENTS IN A NEW BUSINESS.** Address Saco Novelty Co., Saco, Me. 778-5330

**BALL, BLACK & CO.**

565 and 567 Broadway,

NEW YORK,

ARE IMPORTERS OF

**WATCHES**

From all the principal manufacturers in Europe, and Agents for all

**AMERICAN MOVEMENTS,**

which they furnish in gold and silver cases, at the lowest prices. Packages sent per express, allowed to be opened and selections made.

**GLEASON'S NOISELESS ARGAND** GAS BURNERS; also, a Kerosene Argand Burner, giving the finest artificial lights in the world. Still as daylight. Circulars free. Agents wanted. 135 Mercer street, New York. 780-92-0

**ELGIN**

(ILLINOIS)

**Watches!**

ILLINOIS STATE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY,  
BLOOMINGTON, ILL., June 20, 1870.

T. M. AVERY, Pres't of the National Watch Co.:

Dear Sir: Last year, in the explorations of the canons of the Colorado River, I had unusual opportunity to test the accuracy of one of your watches. I was provided with four pocket chronometers for use in astronomical observations. I also had with me an "Elgin" Watch, which I rated from time to time, together with the chronometers, by observations with the sextant. Of the five instruments, its rate was the second best. With the ordinary disturbance due to transportation, its rate was the least variable, while, with the extraordinary disturbance incident to such an expedition, it was the only instrument on which I could rely, the chronometers at last becoming useless. I am, with great respect,

Yours, cordially,

J. W. POWELL.

Business Office and Salesroom National Watch Company,

159 and 161 Lake Street, Chicago.

1 Maiden Lane, New York.

**LEA & PERRINS'**

WORCESTERSHIRE

**SAUCE.**

PRONOUNCED  
BY  
CONNOISSEURS  
TO BE THE ONLY  
GOOD Sauce,

And applicable to  
EVERY VARIETY  
OF  
DISH.



Extract of a letter from a Medical Gentleman at Madras, to his Brother, at Worcester, May, 1851:

"Tell Lea & Perrins that their Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and, in my opinion, the most wholesome Sauce that is made."

At the Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner, and Supper Table, it imparts the most exquisite relish and zest to Soups, Fish, Hot or Cold Joints, Fowl, Game, etc. The universal demand and excellence has led to many imitations of LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,

1 Union Square and 30 South William Street,  
SPECIAL AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

**AGENTS WANTED—(\$25 A MONTH)** by the **AMERICAN KATAPING MACHINE CO.** BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO. 783-8080

**PRINTING Do Your Own Printing.** Printing Machines of all kinds, from \$2 to \$200. Send for circular. PRINTER MFG. CO., 14 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. 789-92-0

**PICKETT'S MEN.**

A Fragment of War History.

By COL. WALTER HARRISON. Illustrated with a Portrait of General PICKETT. 1 Vol., 12mo., Cloth, \$2. "Col. Harrison's book is interesting as coming from a Southern hand. We are curious to learn the experiences of those who fought against us, and to note the tone and spirit in which Southern writers will deal with war topics. The author is, we must say, very fair."—The Nation.

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher.

23 Murray St. and 27 Warren St.

\*.\* Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price. 0

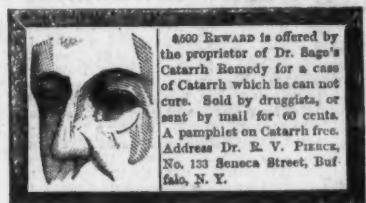
**DRESS SHIRTS, TIES, SCARFS, UNDERCARMENTS, AND HOSIERY.**

The Oldest House in the Trade, and the Cheapest!

**VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,**

No. 96 Bowery, New York.

Established in 1823.



\$500 Reward is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which he can not cure. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 60 cents. A pamphlet on Catarrh free. Address Dr. E. V. FIERCE, No. 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**EDWARD SEARS' ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT,**  
48 BECKMAN STREET, New York.  
787-90-0